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THE HANS ANDERSEN STORY BOOKS.

THE
GARDEN OF PARADISE,
AND
OTHER STORIES.

BY
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.



WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS.

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THE HANS ANDERSEN
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CONTENTS.



	PAGE
THE GARDEN OF PARADISE	161
IT IS QUITE TRUE	184
THE DAISY	188
THE GOLOSHES OF FORTUNE	195
FIVE IN ONE SHELL	242
OLD LUKE OIE	249
THE UGLY DUCKLING	268







The Garden of Paradise.

THERE was once a king's son who had more books than any one else in the world, but they did not say a single word about the Garden of Paradise, and that was the very thing the prince cared for more than all.

His grandmother had told him that every flower in the Garden of Paradise was made of sweet cakes, and the more cake you ate, the more history, geography, and tables you knew.

He believed it all then; but as he grew bigger and wiser, and knew more, he understood that the glory of the Garden of Paradise must be a very different thing from that.

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

“Oh, why did Eve take the fruit of the tree of knowledge? Why did Adam eat the forbidden fruit? Had I been there it would not have happened—sin would have never entered the world.”

That was what he used to say; and he said it now that he was seventeen years old. The Garden of Paradise filled all his thoughts. One day he was walking alone through the wood; it was his greatest pleasure.

Evening came on, and the clouds threatened tempest. The rain poured down as if the floodgates of heaven were opened; it was as dark as in the deepest well by blackest night. The prince slipped on the wet grass, and over the smooth stones that lay in the rocky valley. Everything was dripping with water, there was not a dry thread left on him. He climbed over the great blocks of stone, pressing the water out of the wet moss; he felt faint and giddy. Suddenly he heard a strange sighing sound, and he saw before him a large hollow cavern. In the midst of the cave was a fire large enough to roast a stag, and a stag was actually roasting on a spit before it, its splendid antlers turning slowly round between two mighty pine stems. An elderly woman, tall, and broad-

shouldered, looking like a man in disguise, sat by the fireside, and threw one log after another on to the blazing pile.

"Come in," she cried; "sit down by the fire and dry your clothes." "The fire draws well," said the prince, as he sat down on the ground.

"It will draw better soon when my sons come home," said the woman. "You are in the cavern of the four winds, and my sons are the four winds. Can you make it out?"

"Where are your sons?" asked the prince.

"It is a difficult thing to answer a stupid question, said the woman. "My sons act for themselves; they are playing at battledoor and shuttlecock with the clouds up yonder in the king's hall." And she pointed to the sky.

"Oh, indeed!" said the prince. "You speak rather roughly, and do not seem quite so gentle as the ladies I am accustomed to meet."

"I daresay they've nothing else to do. I'm obliged to be rough, if I want to keep my sons in order. I manage it though, headstrong as they are. Do you see this sack hanging up by the wall? They are as afraid of that sack as you used to be of the birch-rod behind the door. I can manage them I promise you. I clap them into the sack without more ado, and

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

there they are, and can't get out again until I think fit. But here comes one of them."

It was the north wind, who came in bringing an icy chill, great hailstones rattled to the ground, and snowflakes floated round him. He was dressed in bearskin coat and trousers; a sealskin cap was drawn over his ears; long icicles hung from his beard, and one hailstone after another fell from the collar of his coat.

"Don't go too near the fire," cried the prince, "your face and hands might be frozen."

"Frozen!" said the north wind, with a loud laugh; "cold is my greatest enjoyment; why, what dapper little fellow are you? How did you come into the Cavern of the Winds?"

"He is my guest," said the old woman; "and if that explanation doesn't satisfy you, you can go in the sack, do you hear that?"

That took effect; and the north wind began to talk of all the places where he had been in the last month. "I'm come from the Polar seas," he said; "I've been staying on Bear's Island with the Russian walrus hunters; I sat and slept at the helm when they sailed from the North Cape; and whenever I woke up, the stormy petrel flew round my feet. He's a comical little bird! He gives one good stroke

with his wings, then holds them spread wide and motionless, and off he flies."

"Keep to the point," said the mother of the winds. "You were on Bear's Island."

"It's a nice place, that is. There's a floor to dance on, flat as a plate! Half-thawed snow, a little moss, sharp stones, and skeletons of walrus, and polar bears lie strewn about, like gigantic arms and legs green with decay. You would think the sun never shone there. I blew away a little of the mist so that they could see the little hut that had been built out of a wreck and covered with walrus skin, the fleshy side turned upwards; on the roof was a polar bear, growling savagely. Then I flew down to the shore to look after the bird's nest. I saw the unfledged young ones chirping and opening their bills, so I blew down all their thousand throats and taught them to keep their mouths shut. Out at sea tumbled and rolled the walrus, like gigantic worms, with pigs' heads, and teeth a yard long."

"You describe prettily, my lad," said his mother; "my mouth waters while I listen."

"The hunting began then. The harpoon was plunged into the walrus, and the hot blood-stream shot up high in the air, and stained

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

the snow. Then I thought of my own sport. I blew away my fleet of towering icebergs, and they closed round the Russian whaler. How they whistled and shouted—but I whistled loudest. Chests, and tackle, and the dead walrus were thrown overboard on to the ice; I showered down snowflakes over them, and let the ice-bound vessel and its spoil drift southward, to taste salt water. They will come no more to Bear's Island!"

"Then you have done harm!" said the mother of the winds.

"Other folk may tell the good I do," he answered. "But here comes my brother from the west; I love him best, for he smells of the sea and brings a fresh breeze with him."

"Is that the gentle Zephyr?" asked the prince.

"It certainly is the Zephyr; but he is no longer gentle. Years ago he was a pretty boy, but he has lost his good looks."

He looked a wild fellow enough; he wore a slouched hat to shade his face, and carried a heavy mahogany club cut from the American forests. It was no trifle to carry.

"Where do you come from?" said his mother.

"From the back woods," he answered, "from

the swamps where the water snake lies in the wet grass, and there is no need of human beings."

"What have you been doing there?"

"I watched the mighty river fall from the rocks in clouds of spray and fly towards the clouds to meet the rainbow. I saw the wild buffalo struggling in the waves but the current bore him on—he followed the flight of the wild ducks in the sky above—both made for the cataract. The buffalo was whirled over; that pleased me, and I raised a storm that splintered the lofty trees to shavings."

"And is that all you have done?" said the old woman.

"I have turned somersaults in the savannahs, stroked the wild horses, and shaken down the cocoanuts. Yes: yes. I could tell plenty of tales—but one must not tell all one knows. You know that yourself, old mother!" And he kissed her so roughly that she was almost knocked over. He was a dreadfully wild fellow.

Then came in the south wind, wearing a turban and a flowing burnous.

"It's very cold here," he said, throwing more wood on to the fire; "it's easy to see that the north wind reached home first."

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

"It's hot enough to roast a polar bear," said the north wind.

"You're a polar bear yourself!" said his brother.

"Do you want to go into the sack?" said the old woman. "Sit down on that stone and give an account of yourself."

"I've been in Africa, mother," he answered. "I've been lion hunting with the Hottentots in Caffre land. The grass grows green as olives in the valleys. The ostrich raced me but I outstripped him easily. Then I reached the desert—a plain of yellow sand like the bed of the sea. I met a caravan: they had killed the last camel to find water, and had found scarcely any: the sun was burning overhead on the sand below. The desert stretched out endless as the sea. Then I stirred up the dry loose sand in whirling columns. That was a rare dance! You should have seen how helpless the dromedary stood, how the merchant hid his face in the folds of his caftan, and prostrated himself before me, as before Allah his god. They are buried now; a pyramid of sand stands over them. If ever I blow it away, the sun will bleach the white bones, and travellers will see that men have been

there before them: or else they would never believe that in the desert.

"You have done nothing but mischief, then," said his mother—"into the sack with you," and before he had time to move she seized him round his body and pushed him in the sack. He rolled about on the floor, but she sat down upon it, and he was obliged to be still.

"They are a lively set of boys," said the prince.

"That they are," she answered: "but I can keep them in order. Here comes the fourth."

That was the east wind, who came in dressed like a Chinaman. "Oh! you come from over there do you?" said his mother: "I thought you had been to the Garden of Paradise."

"I don't go there till to-morrow," said the east wind—"to-morrow it will be a hundred years since I was there before. I am come straight from China where I've been dancing on the porcelain steeples till the bells rang again. The government officials were all bastinadoed in the streets, the bamboo cane was broken over their shoulders: and yet they were people of the first to the ninth grade. They all cried, 'Thanks! oh fatherly benefactor!' but it did not seem to come from their heart,

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

and I set all my bells going 'ring-a-ting-ting-a-ting-ting.'

"You are growing obstreperous," said his mother: "it's a good thing you're going to the Garden of Paradise to-morrow; that always helps to form your manners. Drink deep of the fount of wisdom and bring me a bottle full home."

"I will," said the east wind; "but why have you put my brother from the south in the sack? Let him out. He must tell me about the phoenix; the princess in the Garden of Paradise is always anxious to hear about him when I pay her my visit once in a hundred years. Open the sack, mother darling! I've brought you two bags of tea, as fresh and green as when I gathered it from the place where it grew."

"Well! for the tea's sake, and because you were always my favourite boy, I will open the sack." She did so, and the south wind crept out; but he was very crestfallen because the prince had seen it all.

"Here is a palm leaf for the princess," said the south wind: "it was given me by the phoenix himself. He has written on it with his beak his whole life story—the story of a

THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.

hundred years. She can read it for herself how he set fire to his nest, and sat in it as it burnt away—like the widow of a Hindoo prince. How the dry twigs crackled, and the smoke rose up! At last all broke out into flames; the old phoenix burnt to ashes, but his egg lay glowing red in the blaze; it burst with a loud crack, and out flew the young bird—the king of all the birds—the only phoenix in the world. Look! he has bitten this hole in the leaf—it is his greeting to the princess.”

“Let us have some supper now,” said the mother of the winds. All sat down to partake of the roast venison; the prince sat by the east wind, and they soon made friends with each other. “Tell me,” said the prince, “what kind of a princess is the one you talk so much about? and where is the Garden of Paradise?”

“Oh, ho!” said the east wind, “do you want to go there? Come with me to-morrow. But I must tell you that no human being has ever been there since the days of Adam and Eve. You know your Scripture History, I suppose?”

“Of course,” said the prince.

“When they were driven out, the Garden of Paradise sunk in the earth, with all its pleasant

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

sunshine, soft air, and loveliness. The fairy queen lives there, and there lie the Fortunate Isles where death cannot come. It is beautiful there. Get on my back to-morrow, and I will take you with me: I think it can be managed. But don't say another word now, for I am sleepy."

And all of them lay down to sleep.

Towards early dawn the prince awoke and was not a little surprised to find himself high above the clouds. He was sitting on the back of the east wind, who held him tight; and they were so high in the air that the earth, with its woods and plains, rivers and seas, lay below them like a map. "Good morning," said the east wind; "you can sleep a little longer if you like, for there is not much to be seen about here, unless you are to count the churches: they look like chalk dots on green board." By the green board he meant fields and meadows. "It was not polite to leave your mother and your brothers without saying good-bye," said the prince.

"One is excused all that when one is asleep," answered the east wind. On they flew, faster still; you could hear it in the tops of the trees as they rushed by, you could hear it on the

seas, for the waves ran higher and the tall ships bent down to meet the water like stately swans.

The great towns looked beautiful beneath their feet when the night drew on; lights flashed out here and there as the sparks brighten and die out in lighted paper. The prince clapped his hands, but the east wind begged him not to do that again, and to hold tighter if he did not wish to fall off and be found hanging to some church steeple.

The eagle flies fast through the dark forests, but the east wind flew faster still; the Cossack scours the plain on his little horse, but the prince rode more swiftly than he.

"Now you can see the Himalayas—the highest mountains in Asia: we shall soon reach the Garden of Paradise: they turned southward; the scent of spices and flowers rose to meet them, figs and pomegranates grew wild, purple and deep red grapes hung on the vine branches. Here they rested awhile on the rich grass; the flowers bowed before the wind as if in welcome.

"Now are we in the Garden of Paradise?" asked the prince.

"Nothing like it," replied the east wind; "but we shall soon be there."

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

“Do you see that wall of rock over there, and the cavern mouth where the wild vine hangs like a green curtain? That is the way we must take. Draw your mantle round you: it is burning hot here, but a step farther and it will be cold as ice. The bird who flies by the cave feels one wing warm as summer and the other cold as winter.”

“So that is the way to the Garden of Paradise?” said the prince. They entered the cave. It was icy cold, but not for long. The east wind spread out his wings, and they shone like living flame. What a cave it was! Great blocks of stone, from which the water trickled down, hung over them in fantastic shapes. Now it was so narrow that they were forced to crawl along on their hands and knees, and then it would widen out broad as the sky. It looked like a chapel for the dead, with its silent organ frozen into stone.

“We pass, then, through the gate of death to the Garden of Paradise?” said the prince. The east wind did not answer: he pointed onward to a lovely blue gleam which shone before them. The granite blocks softened to mist and looked at last like a white cloud in the moonlight. The air was fresh and mild,

bracing as on the mountain height, and soft as among the roses in the valley. A river clear as the air itself flowed by: in it were gold and silver fish, purple eels that shot out sparks of blue fire, and the leaves of great water-lilies glanced with every colour of the rainbow: the flower itself was a brilliant orange, fed by the water as oil feeds a lamp. A bridge of marble, solid, but so finely carved that it looked like a dream of lace and crystal, crossed from the river to the Fortunate Isles and the Garden of Paradise.

The east wind carried the prince over in his arms. The flowers and leaves were singing the loveliest songs of his childhood, but more sweetly than any human voice can sing them.

Were they palm trees or gigantic water plants that grew round them? The prince had never seen such tall and stately trees, wonderful climbing plants hung down in graceful garlands, such as one sees painted in gold and colours on the margin, and clinging round the initial letters of old missals. Strange combinations of tendrils, flowers, and birds. On the turf near, was a flock of peacocks with glittering outspread tails, but when the prince touched them he found that they

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

were plants, not birds—great fairy clover blossoms that glittered like a peacock's tail. Lions and tigers sprang nimbly as cats over the green hedgerows, fragrant as the flowers of the olive tree, and both lions and tigers were quite tame. The wild wood-pigeon fluttered her soft wings on the lion's mane, and the timid antelope stood by and nodded its head as if it wanted to join in the play.

Then came up the fairy of the garden: her dress glittered like the sun, and her face was bright as the face of a happy mother proud of her child. She was young and beautiful; and twelve fair maidens followed her, each wearing a shining star in her hair. The east wind gave the palm leaf from the phoenix to the princess, and her eyes sparkled with joy. She took the prince by the hand, and led him into her palace, where the walls glowed with the colours of a tulip leaf when one holds it up against the sunlight. The ceiling was one great flower, and the longer one looked at it the deeper its cup seemed to be. The prince went to the window and looked through one of the panes: he saw before him the tree of knowledge and the serpent, Adam and Eve were standing by. "Are they not

driven away?" he cried. The fairy laughed and told him that time had painted a picture on every pane; not such as one generally sees, but living pictures where the leaves of the trees moved, and people went and came, as if one looked into a mirror. He looked through another pane, and there was Jacob's dream, the ladder set up to heaven from earth, and angels with great white wings passing up and down. All that had happened in the world lived and moved on the glass window panes. Those are the pictures time can paint.

The fairy smiled, and led him into a large high chamber with transparent walls. Here were millions of portraits, each face lovelier than the last; faces happy that smiled and sang a sweet melody; the highest were as small as tiny rosebuds painted on paper as a mere dot. In the midst of the chamber was a tall tree with luxuriant hanging branches, golden apples, bright as oranges, hung between the green leaves. It was the tree of knowledge from which Adam and Eve had eaten the forbidden fruit. From every leaf there fell a drop of dew—bright, red, and sparkling. It was as if the tree wept tears of blood.

"Let us go in the boat," said the fairy, "and

refresh ourselves on the clear water. The boat rocks, but it does not leave the spot; the countries of the world pass before us as we sit. And it was wonderful to see how the whole coast moved round. First came the high, snow-covered Alps, with clouds and dusky pine woods; the horn sounded plaintively, and the shepherd's *jödeln* were heard below in the valley. Then tall bananas waved their drooping branches over the boat, black swans swam on the water, and strange beasts and flowers appeared on the shore. That was New Holland, the fifth continent which glided by, giving a distant view of the blue mountains. The wild song of the priests arose, and the war dance of the savages was seen, led by the sound of drums and the clang of the bone trumpets. The pyramids of Egypt, towering to the clouds amid fallen columns and sphynxes half buried in the sand, sailed slowly by. The northern lights flamed high above the burnt out volcanoes of the north: a firework such as is seen nowhere else. The prince was happier than he had ever been before: he saw a hundred times more than we can tell here.

"May I always stay here?" he asked.

"It depends upon yourself," said the fairy.

“If you are not enticed to do what is forbidden, as Adam was, you may.”

“I will not touch the fruits of the tree of knowledge,” said the prince. “There are thousands of fruits here as fair as that.”

“Prove yourself: and if you are afraid, go back with the East-wind who brought you hither. He is about to fly home now, and will not be seen here again for a hundred years; the time will seem to you like a hundred hours, but it is a long time to be tempted. Every evening when I leave you I must say to you ‘Come with me.’ I must beckon with my hand; but do not follow, for with every step your longing will grow stronger. You will come into the room where the tree of knowledge stands; I sleep under its sweet-scented branches—you will bend over me, and I must smile: but if you press a kiss upon my lips the Garden of Paradise will sink into the earth and be lost to you for ever. The keen wind of the desert will whistle round you, and cold rain will fall upon your head; care and sorrow will be your lot.”

“I will stay,” said the prince.

The East-wind kissed him on the forehead, and said “Be strong! in a hundred years

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

we meet again. Farewell !” And he spread out his broad wings that shone like summer lightning at harvest time, or the Northern lights in winter.

“Farewell, farewell !” re-echoed from flower and tree. Files of storks and pelicans accompanied him to the boundary of the garden.

“Now we begin our dances,” said the fairy. “When I dance the last dance with you at sunset, you will see me beckon you and hear me say, “Come with me,” but do not listen. I must do this every night through the hundred years ; every time you resist you will gain fresh strength, and at last you will not even heed me. To-night is the first time and I have warned you.”

The fairy led him into a hall of white, transparent lilies ; the stamens in each cup formed a little golden harp that rang out in flute-like tones. The loveliest maidens, graceful and slender, their fair forms half veiled in flowing drapery circled in the dance, and sang of the bliss of life, and that the Garden of Paradise would bloom for ever. The sun set, the whole heaven turned to gold, and lent to the lilies the loveliest rose light. The prince drank the sparkling wine which the maidens

offered him, and felt a happiness which he had never known before. He saw how the background of the room opened and showed him the tree of knowledge standing in a blinding glory ; songs were heard, soft and loving as his mother's voice, when she called him her dear, dearest child.

Then the fairy beckoned him tenderly, "Come with me," she cried.

The prince rushed towards her, forgot his promise, forgot it even this first night, and the fairy smiled and beckoned. The rich fragrance round grew stronger, the harps rang out more sweetly ; it seemed as if the myriad faces round the tree of knowledge cried out, "Man must know all things—man is the lord of the world !" And now he saw no blood-red tears, but only sparkling, rose-lit stars falling from the glittering leaves. "Come with me," pleaded the thrilling tones. At every step his cheeks burnt more hotly and his blood rushed faster through his veins. "I must go," he cried : "it is not—cannot be a sin. Why may I not follow joy and beauty? I will look on her as she sleeps. Nothing is lost if only I do not kiss her lips. And I will not. My will is firm and strong."

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

The fairy laid aside her gleaming robe and vanished under the hanging boughs.

"I have not sinned yet," said the prince. "I will not sin." He parted the branches; she was already sleeping; beautiful with all the beauty of Paradise. She smiled in her dream: he bent over her and on her silken lashes he saw a tear.

"Do you weep for me?" he whispered. "Weep not for me, beloved. Now for the first time I feel the joy of Paradise. It fills my blood—my heart. I feel in my earthly body the strength of angels and the power of eternal life. Let it be night for me for ever: one moment like this is joy enough." And he kissed the tears from her eyes, and pressed his lips to hers.

Then came a clap of thunder, louder and more awful than can be heard on earth. All fell in ruins round him by the lovely fairy; the fair, sweet garden sank deep, deep into the gloomy night. The prince saw it sinking down like a falling star to the far, far distance. The cold of death benumbed his limbs; he closed his eyes and lay unconscious. An icy cold rain lashed his face, keen wind blew round him, and his senses returned. "What have I done?" he cried. "I, too, have sinned as

Adam sinned—and Paradise is lost. He opened his eyes ; a star that shone like his lost Paradise was yet before him in the heavens. It was the morning-star.

He rose and found himself in the forest close to the Cavern of the Winds ; the mother of the Winds sat by him ; she looked angry and raised her arm in the air.

“The very first night!” she cried, “I thought as much ! If you were my son you would go in the sack.”

“And so he will,” said Death ; the tall old man with great black wings, a scythe in his right hand. “Into the sack he shall go—but not yet. My mark is on him. Let him wander awhile in the world, and repent of his sin, and learn to grow better. When he least expects it, I shall come ; put him in the black coffin and fly with him to yonder star. There, too, he will find the Garden of Paradise, and if he is worthy he may enter in ; but if his thoughts are evil, and his heart full of sin, he will sink in his coffin deeper than Paradise has sunk, and I shall only fetch him back once in a thousand years that he may sink deeper still, or reach at last the golden star above.”



It is Quite True.

IT'S a dreadful story!" said a hen; she did not live in that quarter of the town where the affair had happened. "Such a terrible scandal in the henroost! I dare not sleep by myself to-night. It's a good thing there are so many of us on one perch," and then she began to tell what had happened, till the feathers of the other hens stood on

IT IS QUITE TRUE.

end, and the cock's comb fell down flat. It's quite true.

But we will begin at the beginning, and we shall find that in another henroost, in a different part of the town, the sun was setting, and the hens were going to roost, when a white hen, a short-legged, motherly, highly respectable hen, who laid her eggs regularly, gave herself a little peck as she flew up on to the perch, and a small white feather fell out.

"There it goes!" she said, merrily, for she was always full of fun; "the more I peck myself, the handsomer I grow." She liked a joke, though, as we said before, she was eminently respectable; and then she went to sleep.

It grew dark; hen sat by hen; but the one who sat next to the white hen could not sleep; she listened, and heard nothing, as one ought to do if one wishes for a quiet life in the world. But no; she must repeat it all to her next neighbour. "Did you hear what was said just now?" she whispered. "There is a hen here, who pecks herself to improve her appearance! If I were a cock, I should despise her."

Just above the hens, the owl sat with the 'ather owl and the children; the whole family have sharp ears, and they heard every word the

hen said. They turned up their eyes and fluttered their wings, and the mother said, "Don't listen to such things. But I dare say you heard what was said? I heard it with my own ears, and they have to hear a great deal before they are done with. One of those hens down there forgets so entirely what is becoming to a hen, that she pulls out all her feathers for the cock to see."

"*Prenez garde aux enfants!*" said the father owl; "that's not a fit story for children."

"I will just tell it to the owl next door, though; there is no owl more looked up to in the neighbourhood."

"Tu-whoo! tu-whoo!" screeched the two owls, close to the neighbour's dove-cot. "Did you hear that? Tu-whoo! There is a hen yonder who has pulled out all her feathers to please the cock; she will certainly freeze to death, if she isn't frozen already. Tu-whoo!"

"Where? where?" cooed the pigeons.

"In the farmyard close by. I have as good as seen it myself. It is scarcely a fit story to tell, but it is quite true."

"You may believe it—every single word of it," cooed the pigeons, and off they flew, down to their own poultry-yard. "There is

IT IS QUITE TRUE.

a hen up there, some people say there are two, and they have pulled out all their feathers to make themselves look different from the rest, and attract the attention of the cock. It is rather a dangerous game, and very likely to bring on cold and fever; indeed, so it has done; both the hens are dead!"

"Wake up! wake up!" crowed the cock, flying up on to his plank; his eyes were drowsy with sleep, but he crowed all the same. "Three hens have died of love for one cock. They had pulled out all their feathers. It's a horrible story; I can't keep it to myself, so it may go farther."

"Pass it on," hissed the bats, "pass it on." The hens clucked, and the cock crowed, the story flew from henroost to henroost, till it came back to the one whence it first started.

"Five hens," the story ran, "have plucked out all their feathers, to show which of them had grown the thinnest out of love for the cock; and then they had all fallen upon and pecked each other to death, to the shame and disgrace of their families, and the serious loss of their owner."

The white hen who had dropped the little feather naturally did not recognize her own

story; and as she was a very respectable hen, she said, "I despise such hens; but there are many like them. A story like that ought not to be hushed up. I shall do my best to get it into the newspapers, it will then be spread all over the country. The hens richly deserve it, and so do their families."

It got into the newspapers, was printed, and—it is quite true—one little feather can grow into five hens!

The Daisy.

NOW listen. Out in the country, close to the road-side, stood a pretty house; you must have seen it yourself. There was a small garden in front with a green palisading, and close to the neighbouring hedgerow grew a little daisy. She grew in the soft, green grass; the sunshine fell on her as brightly as on the tall, beautiful flowers in the garden. Day by day she grew taller, and one morning

THE DAISY.

she stood with her crown of dazzlingly white petals unfolded, making a wreath of light round the yellow sun in the centre.

She did not fret because no one could see her in the grass, or because she was a poor, despised flower; no, she was full of thankfulness, and turned herself towards the warm sun, looked up to the sky, and listened to the lark singing in the air. The little daisy was as happy as if it were a holiday; and yet it was only Monday. The children were all in school sitting on forms and learning their lessons. She, too, sat up on her tiny green stem, and learnt her lesson; learnt from the warm sunshine, and from all around, how good God is; she was very glad that the little lark could sing out so clearly all that she felt in silence. The daisy looked up admiringly at the happy bird who could sing and fly; but she was not angry because she could do neither. "I can see and hear him," she thought; "the sun shines on me, and the wind kisses me. How happy and well-cared for I am!"

Inside the palisading stood many grand, stiff flowers; the less scent they had, the more airs they gave themselves. The peonies spread themselves out, to make themselves look larger

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

than the roses; but size is not everything. The tulips had the loveliest colours; and very well they knew it, holding themselves as stiffly as possible that every one might see them. They never glanced at the little daisy outside; but she looked at them, and thought to herself, "How rich and beautiful they are! The loveliest birds must fly down to them and visit them. How I thank God that I grow so near, and can see all their beauty!" As she thought this, "Tra-la!" the lark came flying down; but not to the peonies and tulips, no, right down to the little daisy in the green grass. She trembled so with joy that she hardly knew what had happened.

The little bird hopped round her and sang, "How soft the grass is! and look, what a sweet little flower, with a silver dress and a golden heart!" For the daisy's leaves were bright as silver, and the yellow centre glowed like gold. How happy she felt, no one can ever tell! The lark kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew away through the warm, blue air. It was a quarter of an hour before the daisy could recover herself. Half in delight, half shyly, she glanced at the other flowers in the garden; they had seen the honour and

THE DAISY.

the joy that had befallen her, surely they must understand her joy and happiness !

But the tulips held themselves as stiffly as ever, and were quite red in the face, for they were very angry. The peonies were slow and stupid; it was a good thing they could not speak; if they could have done so, the daisy would have had a thorough scolding. The poor little flower could see that they were out of temper, and she felt very grieved. Just then a servant maid came into the garden with a bright, sharp knife, with which she cut down the tulips one after another.

“Oh!” sighed the daisy, “that is dreadful—it is all over with them now.”

The girl went away with them into the house; and the daisy rejoiced, and gave thanks that she was only a poor little flower growing wild among the grass. When the sun went down, she folded her leaves and fell asleep, to dream the whole night through of the sunshine and the lark.

The next day, when the happy flower opened her white leaves, stretching them wide like outspread arms to the light and air, she heard the lark's voice, but the tones were very sad. The poor bird had cause enough for sorrow; he was

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

a prisoner now, and sat in a cage by the open window. He sang of his free and happy wanderings, of the young corn in the field, and of his glorious flight through the air to greet the sun. The poor lark was sad and downcast as he sat a prisoner in its cage.

The little daisy longed to help him. But how could she? There seemed no way. She forgot everything around her, the warm sunshine, and the beauty of her own white leaves. She could think of nothing but of the caged bird whom she was unable to help.

At that moment up ran two little boys out of the garden; one of them held a sharp knife in his hand, like the one the servant had used to cut down the tulips; they came straight up to the daisy, who could not think what they wanted.

"Here's a nice piece of turf for the lark," said one of them, and he began to cut a square piece round where the daisy grew, so that she was left in the middle of the square.

"Pull that daisy up," said the other boy; and the flower trembled with fear, for that meant death to her, and she wanted to live now, that she might go with the piece of turf into the cage of the captive lark.

THE DAISY.

"No, let it be," said the other; "it makes it look pretty." So she was left standing and put into the cage.

The lark mourned piteously over his lost freedom; and beat his wings against the side of the cage. The little daisy could not speak to him, much as she longed to say some word of comfort. The morning passed away. "There is no water," said the imprisoned lark. "They have all gone out and have forgotten to leave me anything to eat or drink. My throat is dry and burning; it feels like fire and ice, and the air is heavy. Ah! I must die, and leave the warm sunshine, the fresh grass, and all the beautiful things which God has made;" he thrust his beak into the cool turf to allay his thirst, and as he did so his glance fell on the little daisy. He nodded to the flower and kissed her. "So you, too, are brought here to fade and die, poor little thing!" he said. "They have brought me you and your tiny bit of turf for the whole world which I had outside. Every blade of grass is to be a tree for me, and every one of your white leaves a fragrant flower. Alas! you only make me think how much I have lost!"

"If I could only comfort him!" thought

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

the daisy. She could not speak, but the fragrance from her leaves was richer than it had ever been before; the lark noticed it too, and though he was fainting with thirst, and tore up the blades of grass in his agony, he never touched the daisy.

Evening drew on. No one came to bring the poor lark a drop of water; he stretched out his pretty wings and fluttered them convulsively, his song died away to a faint chirping, his little head sank down beneath the flower; he died heart-broken with want and sorrow.

The daisy could not fold her leaves, and sleep as she had done last night; she drooped down sadly towards the earth.

The boys did not come by till the next morning. When they saw the dead bird they cried bitterly; and dug him a neat little grave strewn with flowers. His body was laid in a fine red box, he was to be buried like a prince, poor bird! While he lived and sang they forgot him and left him to die of want in his cage, but now that he was dead, he had flowers strewn over him and many tears.

But the bit of turf with the daisy on it was thrown out on to the dusty roadside; no one thought of her who had felt the most

for the little bird, and tried so hard to comfort him.

The Golosses of Fortune.

I. A BEGINNING.

IN a house in Copenhagen, not far from the king's new market, a large party was assembled, doubtless with the idea of giving and receiving fresh invitations. One half of the company was settled at the card-tables; the other half was waiting the result of the hostess's question, "Well, what shall we do next?" They had got to that point, and the evening's entertainment was fairly beginning. The conversation fell, among other topics, on the middle ages; some of the guests considered that a much more interesting time than our own day; Councillor Knap supported this view so warmly, that the lady of the house was gained over to his side, and both were very hot against Oerstedt's article on ancient and modern times, in the last magazine, in

which the preference was given to the present day.

The Councillor considered that the reign of the Danish King Hans* was the noblest and happiest time to have lived in.

While this discussion formed the subject of conversation, only interrupted by the arrival of a newspaper, which contained nothing worth reading, we will go out into the cloak-room, where all the shawls, walkingsticks, and goloshes were kept. Two women, one young and the other old, were sitting there; at the first glance it seemed as if they were waiting to walk home with their mistresses; but on looking closer one saw at once that they were no ordinary servants; their faces were too delicate and noble, and their dress too fantastic and costly.

They were two fairies. The younger one was not Happiness herself; she was the waiting-maid of Fortune, who is the waiting-maid of Happiness, and who distributes her smaller gifts. The elder one was Care; she always attends to her business in her own

* Married Christina, daughter of the Elector Ernest of Saxony. Died 1513.

person, for she says that if you want a thing well done, you must do it yourself.

They were telling each other where they had been that day; the messenger of Fortune had only been sent on a few trifling errands, such as saving a new bonnet from a shower of rain, getting an honest man a gracious bow from a rich nullity, &c., but what she had still to do was more interesting. "I must tell you that this is my birthday," she said; "and in honour of the day I have been entrusted with a pair of goloshes which I am to present to mankind. These goloshes have the power of transporting instantly, any one who puts them on, to any place and time he chooses. Every wish relating to time, place, or existence, is immediately granted, so men have a chance at last of being happy here below."

"Believe me," said Care, "your goloshes will make everybody utterly miserable, and ready to bless the day when he gets rid of them."

"How can you think so?" said the other. "Look, I will put them by the door; somebody will take them for his own and be the happy man."

Now that proved to be the Councillor.

II. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE COUNCILLOR.

It was growing late. Councillor Knap, full of the reign of King Hans, was preparing to go home; as fate would have it, he put on the goloshes of Fortune instead of his own, and stepped into the street. The magic power of the goloshes had taken him back to his favourite reign, so he set his foot straight into the miry swamp of the street, for of course there were no paving-stones at that time.

"It is shamefully dirty about here," said the Councillor; "why the pavement is taken up, and the street lamps are out."

The moon was not very bright, and there was a slight fog, so that all the objects round looked confused and blurred. At the nearest corner a lamp swung before a picture of the Madonna; the light was so bad that the Councillor did not see it till he was quite close under it; and then his eyes fell on the painting of the child and His mother.

"That must be an old curiosity dealer's," he thought; "they have forgotten to take in the sign." A group of men, in the costume of the period, passed by. "How odd they look! they

must be coming home from a masquerade," thought the bewildered Councillor.

Suddenly the sound of drums was heard, and the red gleam of torches came nearer; the Councillor drew back, and saw the strangest procession pass by. First came the drummers beating their drums lustily; they were followed by men-at-arms carrying cross bows and long bows. The most distinguished person in the procession seemed to be a clerical dignitary. Lost in astonishment, the Councillor asked what it all meant, and who that man was?

"That is the Bishop of Zealand."

"Good gracious! what has come to the Bishop?" exclaimed the Councillor. "Oh nonsense! it can't be the Bishop." Trying to puzzle it out, and looking neither to the right nor the left, he went along the street and across the place where the high bridge crosses to the Castle square. But no bridge was to be seen. He stood on the marshy shore of a piece of water, where he lighted at last on two men in a boat.

"Shall we ferry the gentleman across to the Holm?" they asked.

"Ferry me across to the Holm?" exclaimed the Councillor, who did not know of course

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

what year he was living in. "I want to go to Christian's Haven, in Little Turf-street."

The men stared at him. "Just tell me where the bridge is?" he said. "It is shameful that the lamps are not lighted here; it is as dirty as a marsh." But the longer he talked to the boatmen, the less he could make of them.

"I can't understand your Bornholm jargon," he said, angrily, as he turned away. He could not find the bridge; there was not even a handrail. "This place is a disgrace to the town," he cried. He never thought worse of the century he lived in than he did at that moment. "I shall have to call a cab," he said to himself, but there was none to be seen. "I must go straight back to the cabstand in the New market, or else I shall never reach Christian's Haven this night."

He went towards East-street, and had almost reached it, when the moon shone forth. "Heavens! what's all this scaffolding put up for?" he cried, as he came in sight of the East-gate, which stood there in the reign of King Hans. He found one of the doors open and passed through into the New market. But there was nothing before him but a great

meadow, with a lonely bush here and there, and a broad stream flowing through. A few wretched wooden huts for the Dutch sailors stood on the opposite side. "Either I am the sport of *fata morgana*, or I am intoxicated!" said the unhappy Councillor. "What can it be? What *can* it be?"

He turned away in the firm conviction that he was very ill. As he walked back along the streets, he looked more closely at the houses, and found that the greater part of them had only straw roofs. "No; I am not at all well," he said to himself; "and yet I had only one glass of punch. But it always disagrees with me. I must have been out of my mind to drink punch with hot salmon; and so I shall tell our hostess. Shall I go back there and say how very unwell I feel? Oh, but that would look quite ridiculous, besides, it's a question whether I shall find them up now."

He looked for the house, but could not find it anywhere. "This is dreadful! I don't know the street, I can't see one shop, nothing but miserable tumbledown houses like those in Roeskilde and Ringstedt. I am very ill, it's no use being too scrupulous. But where in the

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

world is my friend the agent's house? This is not it, but at any rate the people are up; oh! I'm very ill."

He passed through the half-open door through which the light was shining into a rough kind of beer-house. The room looked like a Dutch wine-shop; a number of people, sailors, citizens of Copenhagen, and a few students, sat talking over their wine-cups, and scarcely glanced at the new comer.

"Excuse me," said the Councillor to the landlady. "I don't feel well, will you kindly fetch me a cab? I want to go to Christian's Haven."

The woman stared at him, shook her head, and after a pause spoke to him in German. The Councillor thought from that that she did not understand Danish, and repeated his request in German, which, together with his costume, convinced the woman that he was a foreigner. She soon made out that he was feeling ill and brought him a pitcher of water; it tasted strongly of sea water, though it was drawn from the well outside. The Councillor leaned his head upon his hand, drew a deep sigh, and puzzled over the strange things around him.

"Is that a number of to-night's *Day*?"* he asked mechanically of the landlady as he saw her lay aside a large sheet of paper. She could not understand him, but she handed him the paper. It was a wood-cut representing a meteor which had been seen in Cologne.

"This is very old," said the Councillor; the antiquity of the thing quite revived him. "How did you come by this very valuable paper? It is most interesting. Though, of course, the whole thing is fabulous. These meteors are known to be the Northern lights, they are most likely caused by electricity."

The men who sat next him and heard him speak looked at him in amazement; one of them lifted his hat respectfully, and said gravely, "You are doubtless a very learned man, sir?"

"I!" said the Councillor, "not at all. I can say a few words about things that all the world knows."

"*Modestia* is a great virtue," said the man. "And I can certainly say to your remark *mihi secus videtur*, but there I must suspend my *judicium*."

* An evening paper in Copenhagen.

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

"May I ask to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?" inquired the Councillor.

"I am a bachelor of divinity," was the reply. The answer completely satisfied the Councillor. The title and dress were in accord.

"He is certainly some old village school-master," he thought, "an old original, such as one sometimes meets up in Zutland."

"This is by no means a *locus docendi*," said the man, "and yet I beg you to continue your discourse. You are doubtless well read in the ancients." "Pretty well," replied the Councillor. "I like useful books, ancient and modern too, except, indeed, every day stories."

"Every day stories!" repeated the divinity student.

"I mean the new novels they write now-a-days."

"Oh!" said the student, smiling, "but they are very witty, and much read at Court; the King is especially fond of the Romance written by Messieurs Iffven and Gaudian about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. He has laughed over it with his great lords."

"I certainly have not read that," said the

Councillor; "it must be quite a new book, published by Herberg, I suppose?"

"No," answered his companion; "not Herberg, Godfrey of Gehmen* published it." "Oh, is he the publisher? That is a very old name. Why that was the name of the very first printer in Denmark."

"Well, he is the first printer in Denmark," said the student.

They have got on very well so far—but now one of the people in the room began to talk of the dreadful plague that had been raging a few years back. They meant the plague of 1484, but the Councillor thought they were talking of the cholera, so they managed to understand each other tolerably well. The Freebooters' War of 1480 was so recent, that of course that was touched upon: the English pirates, the men said, had carried off the ships from the very harbours: the Councillor, who was well up in the events of 1801, joined heartily in the abuse of the English. But afterwards the conversation did not go on so pleasantly. Every moment some one flatly contradicted

* The first printer and publisher in Denmark: contemporary with King Hans.

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

some one else: the good student seemed profoundly ignorant, and received the most commonplace remarks of the Councillor with the wildest astonishment. One looked at another, and when things were at the worst, the divinity student spoke Latin in the hope of throwing some light on the confusion, but it was no use. "How do you feel now?" said the landlady, pulling the Councillor by the sleeve. This brought him to his senses. In the heat of conversation he had forgotten all that had previously occurred.

"Heaven above! Where am I?" he cried, and he turned positively giddy as he thought of it all.

"Bring claret, mead, and brewer beer!" cried one of the guests. "You shall drink with us."

Two girls came in; one wore a cap of two colours. They filled the cups and curtsied, and the Councillor felt a cold shiver run all down his back.

"What is the meaning of this? what is the meaning of it?" he cried. But he was forced to drink with them; they simply took possession of the good man, and when somebody said he was tipsy, he did not doubt them for a moment.

and merely begged and entreated that they would fetch him a cab. They thought he was talking Muscovite.

Never had he been in such a rough, vulgar set. "Why, the land must have fallen back into heathenism," he thought. "This is the most dreadful moment of my life." The desperate idea occurred to him of trying to escape by slipping under the table and reaching the open door; he had almost succeeded, when his companions saw his attempt and seized him by the legs. There was a struggle, the goloshes came off—and the enchantment was at an end!

The Councillor saw before him the friendly gleam of a street-lamp; behind that was a large building; everything looked stately and familiar. It was the East Street of to-day; he was lying with his feet on a doorstep; exactly opposite him sat the watchman, asleep.

"Merciful powers!" he cried; "here have I been lying dreaming in the street. Yes, it is East Street. How bright and gay it looks! It is really shocking to think that one glass of punch could have had such an effect on me!"

Two minutes later he was in a cab driving to Christian's Haven. He thought of the horrid night he had just passed through;

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

and blessed from his heart the happy waking to our present day, which, with all its faults, is a vast deal better than the time which he had left behind him.

III. THE WATCHMAN'S ADVENTURE.

"Upon my word, there are a pair of goloshes!" cried the watchman, waking up; "they must belong to the lieutenant, who lives up yonder; they have been dropped close to the door."

The honest man would have rung the bell and given them to the servant, but it was not light yet, so he let it be.

"These must be nice warm things to have on," he said; "how soft the leather is!" He tried them on, and they fitted exactly. "It's a queer world!" he thought. "The lieutenant might get into his warm bed if he chose, but not he! There he goes, pacing up and down the room. He's a lucky fellow! neither wife nor child, and out at a party every night! Oh, I wish I were he! I should be a happy man then."

As he uttered the wish the goloshes worked

their spell, and there he was in the opposite house—the lieutenant! Up and down the room he paced, holding in his hand a small rose-tinted paper, on which was a poem, written by no less a person than the lieutenant himself.

For who has not had once in his life an inspired moment when, if one writes one's thoughts, they will persist in coming out in verse?

This was what was written on the rose-tinted paper—

“Oh, were I rich!”—such was my childish prayer,
When few of Life's brief summers had passed o'er
me;

And, bright with promised hope and fortune rare,
The world lay new and beautiful before me.

“Oh, were I rich!—I'd be a soldier bold,
With sword, and epaulettes of burnished gold.”
The swift years gave me half my wish secure:
They brought the epaulettes—but left me poor!

One evening as I played, a laughing boy,
My little playmate kissed me in her joy,
For I was passing rich in fairy lore,
And her sweet, childish fancy asked no more.
I poured out all the store my brain inspired,
The little maiden listened, never tired;
And as the happy, careless days flew by,
Who were so rich—so poor, as she and I?

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

**My manhood echoes back my childish prayer—
The child is now a maiden, tall and fair,
So good, so sweet, so wise, and true of heart,
That it is life to greet her, death to part.
Her dear voice thrills me in the morning's light,
And haunts my troubled dreams in weary night;
But lack of gold my trembling lips has sealed—
My heart's true fairy tale lies unrevealed.**

Oh, were I rich! were life all peace and light,
My sorrow should not fill this idle lay:
Take it, beloved—canst thou read aright
The story of our childhood far away?
The happy story, ended long ago,
Untouched by life's harsh legacy of woe?
Ah, no! this tale is sad—thou wilt but see
Gloom from the hopeless future yet to be.

Yes, that is the sort of poetry one writes when one is in love; but no sensible man would think of having it printed. Lieutenant, love and poverty make three sides of a triangle, or, if you will, half of the broken die of fortune. The lieutenant felt that keenly: he leaned his head against the window-pane and sighed aloud: "The poor watchman in the street is far happier than I. He does not know what poverty means to me. He has a home, and wife and children, who mourn when he is

sad, and rejoice with him in his happiness. Oh, I should be far happier if I could change places with him, and go through life with his wants and his hopes. Yes, he is happier than I."

That very moment the watchman was a watchman again: we saw how the goloshes of fortune turned him into the lieutenant, but, as we know, he felt less contented than ever, and preferred what he had despised before. So the watchman was a watchman once more.

"That was a horrid dream," he cried; "but comical too: I thought I was the lieutenant up there, and I didn't like it at all. I wanted my wife and the lads, who will be ready to smother me with kisses."

He sat down again and nodded, for he could not quite lose the impressions of his dream. The goloshes were still on his feet, when a shooting star flashed across the sky.

"Off she goes!" he cried. "But there are plenty left behind. I should like to see those things closer, more especially the moon; for that doesn't melt away in one's hands. The student that my wife washes for says that when we are dead we shall fly about from one star to another. That is a lie, but it

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

would be nice to. If I could give a little jump up there, I should like to leave my body behind me on this doorstep."

Now there are certain things that ought not to be lightly spoken, especially when one has on the goloshes of fortune. Just listen to what happened to the watchman.

As far as we are concerned, we all of us know the speed of steam, for we have tried it, either on the railway or in a steamer; but it is like the movement of a sloth or a snail, compared to the speed of light. That moves nineteen million times more quickly.

Death is an electric shock which we receive in our hearts, and the soul, set free, flies forth on the wings of electricity. It takes the sun-beam eight minutes and a few seconds to accomplish a journey of more than ninety-five million miles; but the soul, in its electric speed, outstrips the light. The space between two heavenly bodies is no more to her than the distance between two houses in the same neighbourhood is to us. Meanwhile this electric shock to the heart costs us our bodies; unless indeed we happen, like the watchman, to be wearing the goloshes of fortune.

In a few seconds the watchman had passed

through the 260,000 miles between the earth and the moon, which, as everybody knows, is made of much softer material than our world—as soft indeed as new-fallen snow.

He found himself on one of the innumerable mountain ranges, which we may see marked on Dr. Mädler's map of the moon. In the centre was a circular basin, the sides of which were two miles deep; at the bottom of this hollow lay a town looking something like the white of an egg turned out into a glass of water; there he saw towers, and cupolas, and climbing terraces, cloud-like, transparent, floating in the air. Our earth hung above his head like a large dark-red ball.

He saw a number of figures that were certainly what we should call men, and yet they were quite different from ourselves. A wilder fancy than Herschel's had called them into life. If they had been set up in a row, and painted, one would have said, "Oh, what a lovely arabesque!" They had a language of their own, but surely no one would expect the watchman's soul to understand that. Nevertheless, it did understand it, for the soul has greater capabilities than we think for. 'Are you never surprised at the strange dramatic

feature and gesture true and lifelike in their smallest details. There is something fearful in this soul-memory; it can bring back every sin, every evil thought; it must depend on ourselves whether we can meet the reckoning for every idle word of our lips, every dark thought of our hearts.

The soul of the watchman, then, understood the language of the moon's inhabitants very well. They were disputing about our earth; doubting whether it were inhabited. The air was so heavy up there, they thought, that no reasonable moon-creature could live in it. They maintained that the moon alone was inhabited; the only heavenly body where the old-world inhabitants lived. They spoke, too, of politics; but we are wanted down in East Street, to see what happened to the body of the watchman.

It lay there lifeless on the doorstep; the staff had slipped out of its hand, and its eyes were

THE GOLOSHES OF FORTUNE.

turned upwards to the moon, where its honest soul was wandering.

“What o'clock is it, watchman?” cried a passer-by. But he got no answer from the watchman. The man stooped to tweak his nose, when the body fell back at full length, and lay there—dead. His comrades were very much alarmed. Dead he was, and dead he remained; his death was made known, talked over, and in the early morning his body was carried to the hospital.

That promised to be a pretty thing for the soul when she came back, and went, as in all probability she would go, to look for her body where she had left it, in East Street. Most likely she would go first to the police-court, and then to the advertising office, to make inquiry for the missing article; last of all to the hospital. But we may take comfort in the thought that the soul is cleverest when she is acting on her own account; it is only the body which makes her stupid.

As we said before, the watchman's body was taken to the hospital, and was laid in a room to be washed; and of course the first thing to be done was to take off the goloshes. Back came the soul to the body with lightning speed, and in

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

a few seconds the man was alive again. He declared that it had been the most horrible night he had ever spent in his life, he would not go through it again for five shillings. But it was over now.

He was dismissed from the hospital the same day, but the goloshes were forgotten and left behind.

IV. AN EVENTFUL MOMENT—A STRANGE JOURNEY.

Every one in Copenhagen knows the entrance to the Frederick's Hospital; but it is possible that some who will read this story have not seen Copenhagen, and therefore a short description is necessary.

The hospital is separated from the street by a rather high iron palisading, and the strong iron rails stand so far apart, that it is said that one or two very slim students have managed to squeeze through, to pay their little visits out of doors. The great difficulty was to get one's head through; there, as elsewhere, the people with the least heads were the best off. That is the introduction to our story.

One of the young students, of whom it could be said, in one sense, that he had a great head, was on duty that evening at the hospital; the rain was pouring down; but in spite of these two obstacles he wanted to go out—only for a quarter of an hour; it was not worth while to trouble the porter, he thought, when he might slip through the railings. There lay the goloshes which the watchman had left behind him; it did not occur to him for an instant that they were the goloshes of fortune; they would be very useful in this bad weather, and he put them on. Now, the question was whether he would be able to squeeze through; he had never tried before. “I wish to heaven I had my head through!” he cried; and in a moment, in spite of its size and thickness, it slipped through quite easily. The goloshes knew their business; but now the body had to follow, and that was another matter. “I am too stout!” he cried. “I thought the head was the worst part. I can’t get through.”

He tried to draw his head back, but he could not do that either. He could bend his neck, and that was all. The first thing he did was to fly into a passion, and the next to feel very low-spirited. The goloshes of fortune had

brought him into this terrible position, and unfortunately he never thought of wishing to be free. The rain streamed down, not a soul was to be seen in the street; he could not reach the bell; however could he get loose? He saw very well that he would have to stay there till the morning; and then they would be obliged to send for a blacksmith that he might saw through the iron bar. But that cannot be done in a hurry; the whole charity-school would be out before then, and all the sailors from their quarters near would crowd to see him in his pillory. "I shall have a rush of blood to the head," he cried. "I shall certainly go mad! Oh, if I were only out again!"

Now, why couldn't he have said that before? The moment the wish was uttered he was set free, and rushed back into the hospital, quite dizzy with the fright which the goloshes of fortune had given him.

But do not think for an instant that that was the end of it; no, there was worse to come.

The night passed by, and the following day—and no one came for the goloshes. In the evening there was to be a performance at the amateur theatre, in a street some distance off. The house was crowded; and among the

THE GOLOSHES OF FORTUNE.

audience was the hospital student, who seemed to have forgotten his adventure of the previous night. He still wore the goloshes, for they had not been fetched away, and the streets were very muddy. A new poem, "My Aunt's Spectacles," was recited; it was about a pair of spectacles which, when you looked through them, made all the people look like packs of cards, so that you could foretell from them what was going to happen next year.

The idea struck him, he would have liked to possess such a pair of spectacles; rightly used, they would help the wearer to look into the hearts of all whom he saw. "That," thought the student, "would be much more interesting than foretelling what will happen next year; because if one lives long enough one will know that for oneself, but one can never see into another's heart.

"I can just imagine looking through the hearts of the ladies and gentlemen in the first row—it would be like walking through different shops. I should like my eyes open. In that lady's heart I should most certainly find a milliner's shop; the shop next door would be empty, but all the better for a good cleaning. I daresay there would be some very good shops, though,

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

among them. Indeed I know of one; but there is some one in possession there already—that is the only thing I have against it. From every shop I should hear, ‘Please to walk in’—ah, I wish I could glide through the hearts like a tiny little thought!”

That was the cue for the goloshes. The student shrank into nothing, and began his strange journey through the hearts of the people in the front row. The first heart he entered was a lady’s, but he thought for a moment he must be in an orthopædic hospital—in the room where the walls are hung with plaster-casts of deformed limbs. The only difference was, that in the hospital they were taken when the patient came in, and here they were made up after the patient had left. They were all casts of the lady’s friends, whose bodily and mental defects she carefully preserved.

He passed quickly into another heart—a woman’s this time also. This one seemed to him like a consecrated church; the white dove of innocence hovered above the high altar: he would fain have knelt, but he was hurried on. Sounds as of an organ followed him, he seemed to leave the place another and a better man. He felt not unworthy to enter the next heart: it

THE GOLOSHES OF FORTUNE.

was a poor place ; a garret where a sick mother lay, but through the window streamed God's blessed sunshine, lovely roses hung downwards from the roof, two sky-blue birds sang of the joy of childhood, and the sick mother prayed for a blessing on her child. Then he crept on his hands and feet through an over-full slaughter-house : meat—meat—nothing but meat filled every corner. This was the heart of a highly-respectable man whose address is certain to be found in the directory. Next came the heart of the man's wife—it was an old, ruined dovecot : above the door stood the portrait of her husband on a weather-cock, and, according as this turned, the door opened and shut.

Then he came into a room lined with mirrors, such as one sees in the Rosenberg Castle : the mirrors magnified to an incredible degree. In the middle of the carpet, like the Grand Dame of Thibet, sat the very magnificent self who owned the heart, and gazed astonished at his own greatness. After this, the student thought he must be in a box full of sharp needles, and he said to himself, " This is certainly the heart of some spiteful old maid." But no : the heart belonged to a young officer, who wore several medals, and was said to be a man of taste and feeling.

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

Quite bewildered, the poor student came out of the heart of the last person in the front row; he could not collect his thoughts; it seemed as if his imagination had quite run away with him.

"Heavens!" he cried, "it is enough to drive one mad. How terribly hot it is here! I shall certainly have a rush of blood to the head." That reminded him of what had happened the night before, and how his head had stuck fast between the iron railings of the hospital. "That's what has done it," he thought. "I must take it in time. A Turkish bath would be the very thing. I wish I were lying on the highest shelf now."

There he lay, on the topmost shelf of a vapour-bath; but he had on all his clothes, boots and goloshes as well. The hot water from the ceiling fell on his face.

"Ugh!" he cried, and rushed down to take a plunging bath. The attendant uttered a loud cry as he caught sight of the new-comer with all his clothes on.

The student had just enough presence of mind left to whisper to him, "It's only a wager." But the first thing that he did as soon as ever he reached his own room, was to put one blister

on his neck and another on his back, in the hope that they would set him right.

The next day the skin was off his back—and that was all he got by the goloshes of fortune.

V. THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF A COPYING CLERK.

The watchman—you have not forgotten the watchman, I hope?—thought now and then of the goloshes he had left at the hospital. He fetched them away, but as neither the lieutenant nor any one else in East Street would own them, they were given up to the police. "They look like my own goloshes," said one of the clerks in the office. He examined the unclaimed property and placed them by his own. "It wants the eye of a cleverer shoemaker than I am to tell the difference between them," he said.

"For the copying-clerk," said a boy, coming in and laying down a bundle of papers. The clerk turned round, and when he had spoken to the boy he returned to the goloshes; but could not for the life of him remember whether it was the pair to the right or that to the left which belonged to him.

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

"These must be mine, they are rather damp," he said. But he was wrong, as it happened; they were the goloshes of fortune—even a clerk can make a mistake sometimes. He put them on, pocketed the bundle of papers, and took some manuscripts under his arm, that he might go over them and write his summary at home. It was a Sunday morning and the weather was fine. "A walk to Friedrichsburg would do me no harm," he thought, and he wended his way thither.

There was not a quieter, steadier young man in Copenhagen than our worthy clerk; and certainly no one could grudge him his little walk, or doubt that it would do him good. At first he walked along, passively vegetating; the goloshes had not a chance of showing their magic power.

In the avenue he met an acquaintance, a young poet of our day, who told him that he was going to set out on his summer tour the next morning.

"Going off again?" said the copying clerk. "What a fortunate fellow you are! Free to come and go wherever you like, instead of being chained by the leg as we are."

"But the chain is fastened to the bread-fruit

tree," said the poet; "you need take no care for the morrow, and when you are old you receive a pension."

"You are the best off, notwithstanding," said the clerk; "writing poetry is a pleasure in itself. Every one has something pleasant to say to you, and you are your own master. You should only try sitting stooping over the dry stuff we have to scribble down."

The poet shook his head, and so did the clerk. Each held to his own opinion, but they parted in good temper.

"They are a peculiar set, these poets," thought the clerk. "I should like to try for myself what it feels like to be a poet. If I were one, I am sure I should not write such doleful ditties as the rest of them—and this a perfect spring day for a poet! The air is so crystal clear, the clouds so beautiful, and the grass so cool and fragrant. Never have I felt for years as I feel now!"

You observe already that the clerk is a poet. The Germans would consider it bad taste to point this out; for they say that it is a popular delusion to imagine that a poet is, in any way, different from other men; indeed, there are many more poetical natures in the world than

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

those possess who are acknowledged poets. The only difference is, that the professed poet has a better memory: he can hold fast his thought or sentiment till he has embodied it clearly in verse, and the others cannot. Be that as it may, the transition from a commonplace to an imaginative nature is a sensible one, and it cannot help striking one in the clerk's case.

"This delicious fragrance!" he exclaimed; "how it reminds me of Aunt Lora's violets. That was long ago, when I was a child, but I never thought of it till now. Dear old auntie! She lived by the water side, and she would always have a flower or a slip of green growing, even in the depth of winter. Her violets bloomed when I used to hold hot pennies against the frost-covered window-panes to make round peep-holes. It was a pretty vista. The frost-bound ships stood in the canal, abandoned by the crews, a solitary crow, the only living thing, in charge. When the spring breezes blew, the scene became more lively: the ice broke up amid cheers and hurrahs; the ships were tarred and newly rigged, and sailed proudly away to distant lands. I stayed behind, as I always must stay, to sit at my desk and write

out passports for other people who can go abroad. That is my lot!" He sighed deeply, and then paused abruptly. "Heavens! what has come over me? I never felt or thought like this before. It must be the air of spring—it is as pleasant as it is alarming." He put his hand in his pocket for the packet of papers. "They will give me something else to think about," he said. His eyes fell on the first page—"Lady Sigbrith, an original tragedy in five acts," was what he read. "What is this? My own handwriting, too! Have I written a tragedy? 'Shrove Tuesday; or the intrigue at the Carnival, a comedy.' Wherever did I get them from? They must have been put into my pocket! Here is a letter from the manager of the theatre—the pieces declined, with thanks—and the letter not too politely worded!"

The clerk sat down upon a bench; his thoughts were unsettled, his heart was soft. Involuntarily he plucked the nearest flower; it was a common daisy. All that the botanist tells us in many lectures the flower revealed in a moment. She told the story of her birth, the power of the sunshine that opened her delicate leaves, and drew out her fragrance.

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

And he thought of the battle of life, which draws out the strength and sweetness of our hearts. Air and light are the flower's suitors, but light is the favoured one. Towards him she turns, and when he fades away, she folds her leaves, and sleeps in the embrace of the air. "Light makes me beautiful," cries the flower. "But air gives you life," whispered the poet's voice. .

Near at hand was a boy, striking the marshy swamp with his cane; the drops of water flew high in the air, and the clerk thought of the myriad living atoms in each drop, to whom such a flight would be as wonderful as it would be to us to be whirled high above the clouds. He thought, too, of the change within himself, and smiled. "I am dreaming," he cried; "it is wonderful how vividly one can dream, and yet know all the while that one is dreaming! I hope I shall be able to remember it when I wake to-morrow. I seem to be strangely excited. What a clear insight I have into all around, and how free I feel! But I am sure that when I remember it in the morning it will be stupid stuff. That has happened to me before. The wonderful and lovely things one sees and hears in dreams are all like fairy

gold—solid and splendid by night, but in the daylight nothing but stones and withered leaves. Ah," he cried, mournfully, as he watched the song birds fly from bough to bough, "they are the best off. How glorious it must be to fly! Happy the man who is born with wings! If I could change with any one, I would choose to be a lark!"

As he framed the wish, his sleeves and coat tails shrank up into wings, his clothes became feathers, his goloshes claws. He saw it all with a smile. "That proves I am dreaming," he said, "but I never dreamed so vividly before!" He sang as he flew from bough to bough, but there was no poetry in his song: the poetic nature had disappeared. The goloshes, like every one else who does his work thoroughly, could only do one thing at a time. He wished to be a poet, and he was one. Now he wanted to be a little bird, and his former gift had vanished. "This is charming," he thought. "All day long I sit over my desk, busy among the most commonplace documents, and at night I fly about the Friedrichsburg Gardens like a lark! It is as good as a play."

He flew down among the grass, and whetted

his beak on its pliant blades. In proportion to his present size, they seemed tall as the palm trees of North Africa.

He only stayed there a moment : it grew dark around him. What seemed to him a monstrous object was thrown over him ; it was a sailor's hat, thrown by a lad. A hand was put under, and seized the clerk by the wing. In his first start of terror, he cried out, "You impudent rascal ! I'm a clerk at the police office !" But it only sounded to the boy like, "Tweet, tweet !" He tapped the bird on the beak, and walked off with it.

In the avenue he met two school boys of the upper classes, socially speaking, that is—for, morally speaking, they were in the lowest class of the school ; they bought the bird for a few pence, and thus the clerk returned to Copenhagen.

"It is a good thing," said the clerk, "that I am only dreaming—if I were not, I should be really angry. First, I was a poet—now I am a lark. It was my poetical nature that transformed me into this little animal. But it is a wretched business to fall into the clutches of a street boy. I shall be glad to know what will be the end of it all."

The boys brought him into a richly furnished drawing-room, where a stout, smiling lady received them. She was not very pleased at the sight of the common field bird, as she called the lark, but she consented to look it over for once. "It may go into that empty cage," she said—"the one by the window. Perhaps it will amuse my pretty Polly." She looked fondly across at a large green parrot who swung proudly to and fro in his ring inside a fine gilded cage. "It is pretty Polly's birthday," said the lady; "the little field bird can pay his respects."

Polly vouchsafed no answer, and swung to and fro in silence; but a beautiful little canary who had been brought the year before from his bright, sunny home, broke out into a burst of song.

"Noisy creature!" cried the lady, throwing a white handkerchief over the cage.

"Tweet—tweet," sighed the canary; "what a terrible snowstorm!" and he was silent.

The clerk, or, as the lady called him, the field bird, was put into a little cage close to the canary and not far off the parrot. The only words Polly could say, and those often came out comically enough, were "Now let us be

men!" All the rest was as unintelligible as the song of the canary; but not to the copying clerk, because he was a bird and could understand his companions very well.

"I flew under the green palms and the blossoming almond trees," sang the canary. "I flew with my brothers and sisters over the lovely flowers, and the clear lake where the water-lilies rocked. I saw, too, many beautiful parrots who told the merriest tales."

"Those were wild birds," said the parrot—"entirely without education. Now let us be men! Why don't you laugh? If the lady and her friends can laugh at it, surely you can do so. It is a great defect to be unable to appreciate wit. Now let us be men!"

"Do you remember the lovely maidens who danced in the tents outspread beneath the leafy trees? do you remember the sweet fruits and the cool juices of the spicy plants?"

"Oh, yes," said the parrot; "but I am better off here. I have good food, and am paid every attention. I know my abilities, and I desire no more. Let us be men! You have a poetic nature, as they call it. I have solid acquirements and wit. You have genius, but no tact. You break out in your high-

flown natural tones and are immediately covered up. That is never my case. I have cost too much. I impose with my beak, and charm with my wit. Now let us be men ! ”

“ Ah, my sweet blooming fatherland,” said the canary ; “ I will sing of thy dark green trees and silent bays, where the branches kiss the calm waves. I will sing of the joy of my bright-hued brothers and sisters, where the palms rise by the desert springs.”

“ Pray lay aside those doleful strains,” said the parrot ; “ sing something to make one laugh. Laughter is the sign of the highest mental development. You never see a dog or a horse laugh ? They can cry—but man alone can laugh. Ho, ho, ho ! ” laughed the parrot, and finished off with her one joke, “ Now let us be men ! ”

“ You little grey northern bird,” sang the canary, “ you are a prisoner too. It is cold in your gloomy woods—but freedom dwells there. Fly away ! They have forgotten to shut your cage. The window is open—fly away ! ”

Instinctively the copying clerk obeyed and hopped out of the cage : at the same moment the half-open door of the adjoining room creaked

on its hinges; softly, with green, glittering eyes, the cat sprung towards him. The canary fluttered in her cage; the parrot flapped her wings and shrieked "Now let us be men!" The copying clerk felt a deathlike terror and flew through the window away over the streets and houses till he was forced to rest.

The opposite house seemed familiar to him; a window was open: he flew in. It was his own room and he alighted on the table.

"Now let us be men!" he exclaimed involuntarily after the parrot, and in a moment he was a copying clerk again—but he was sitting on the table.

"Heaven above!" he cried; "how did I get up here? What a place to fall asleep on! and what an uneasy dream I have had. Stupid stuff it was altogether!"

VI. THE BEST THING THE GOLOSHES DID.

The next morning, very early, while the copying clerk was still in bed, some one knocked at his door. It was a fellow lodger on the same story, a young divinity student. "Lend

me your goloshes," he said, coming in; "it is very damp in the garden, but the sun shines so gloriously that I should like to go and smoke a pipe out of doors."

He put on the goloshes and hastened into the garden, which contained only one apple, and one plum tree, but inside a large town even such a small garden as that is highly valued.

The student paced up and down the garden; it was just six o'clock and a post horn was heard in the street outside. "Oh! the joy of travelling!" he exclaimed, "it is the highest good the world can offer! the dearest wish of my heart. When will my longings be set at rest? I want to travel far—far away: to see beautiful Switzerland—Italy, and"—It was a good thing that the goloshes took effect at once, or he would have gone too far for himself and for us too.

He was travelling. He was in Switzerland—tightly packed with eight other travellers inside a diligence. His head was aching, his neck stiff, his feet cramped, swollen, and tortured by his boots. Between waking and sleeping, he was conscious that his letters of credit were in the right hand, and his passport the left hand pocket of his coat; while his

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

slenderly filled purse was sewn into a little breast pocket above. In every dream he fell into, he lost one or another of these treasures, and on awaking, he would start convulsively and describe a hasty triangle with his hand from right to left and up to the breast pocket, to feel that all was safe. Umbrellas; alpenstocks and hats swung in the carriage nets above, and considerably interfered with the beautiful scenery. He took, however, flying glances here and there, and his heart sang, as at least one poet has sung before him in Switzerland—though he has never had the lines printed yet—

“High towers Mont Blanc o’er wood and dell,
A fairer vision saw I never;
Here could I gladly dream, and dwell,
If but my cash would last for ever.”

Nature was grand, and dark, and solemn all around him. The fir woods showed like velvet moss on the sides of the lofty, cloud-veiled mountain peaks. It began to snow, and the wind blew cold.

“Ugh!” he cried; “I wish we were on the other side of the Alps; we should have summer then, and I should have turned my

letters of credit into money. The anxiety I feel about them prevents me thoroughly enjoying Switzerland. I wish we were on the other side."

And there he was on the other side, between Florence and Rome; the Thrasimenean lake shone beneath the sunset sky like flaming gold between the dark blue mountains. Here, where Hannibal overthrew Flaminius, vine tendrils clasped each other with their green fingers; lovely, half naked children tended a herd of black swine under a grove of fragrant laurel trees. If we could only paint the scene as it was, every one would cry aloud "Bella Italia!" But the student and his fellow-travellers in the *vetturino* said nothing of the sort.

Venomous flies and gnats swarmed round them by thousands; vainly they tried to defend themselves with a myrtle bough; the flies stung on. There was not one of the travellers whose face was not swollen and disfigured by their attacks. The poor horses suffered dreadfully; the flies settled on them in crowds, and it was only a momentary relief when the driver got down and brushed them all away. The sun set: a brief but icy chill swept through

the whole scene, like the cold air of a vault after a burning summer day; the clouds and mountains all around were bathed in that strange green light which we see in old pictures, and which, if we have not witnessed the play of light and colour in the south, we call unnatural. It was a glorious sight—but every stomach was empty, every frame exhausted, every heart's longing limited to the longing for a lodging for the night. And what kind of a lodging would that prove? The thoughts of the traveller dwelt more anxiously on that than on the beautiful prospect.

The path to the lonely inn lay through an olive grove; it was as if one drove at home through gnarled willows. A dozen cripples were encamped before the inn; the best of them looked, as Captain Marryat says, "Like the eldest son of hunger who has just attained his majority." Others were blind, or crept along on their hands, painfully dragging after them their paralyzed legs; others again showed withered, fingerless hands. It was a spectacle of abject misery.

"*Eccellenza — miserabili !*" they whined, pointing to their stricken limbs. The hostess herself, barefooted, with untidy hair and dirty

dress, received the guests. The doors were fastened with string, the floors were but half laid down with brick; bats flew across the ceiling, and the smell in the room——!

“Lay the cloth in the stables!” cried one of the travellers. “There at least one knows what one is breathing.” The windows were opened to admit a little fresh air—but more quickly than the air came in the crippled limbs of the beggars, and the ceaseless whine, *miserabili—eccellenza!* On the walls were several inscriptions; half of them outcries against *la bella Italia*.

Supper was brought in. First came a watery soup seasoned with pepper and rancid oil; this latter ingredient was the principal part of the salad; stale eggs and roast cocks’ combs were the most eatable things to be had. Even the wine had an after taste; it was a horrible mixture.

At night the luggage was piled up against the door, one of the travellers keeping watch while the others slept: it was the student’s turn to watch; oh how sultry and close it was! The heat was oppressive, the gnats buzzed and stung, the *miserabili* outside whined in their dreams. “Travelling would be all very

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

well," said the student, "if one had no body; or if one could rest, while the spirit wandered about. Wherever I come I feel a want which saddens my heart—a longing for something better than the moment brings—better, nay, the best: but what and where is it? In my own heart I know what it is I mean—would reach a happy—the happiest goal."

As he spoke the word, he was at home again. White curtains fell from the windows, and in the middle of the chamber stood the black coffin where he lay in the sleep of death. His wish was fulfilled; his body rested, his spirit wandered! "Count no man happy till he is in his grave!" said Solon—here the truth was proved anew.

Every corpse is a sphynx of immortality; and the sphynx here answered us in the words which the living man had written down only a few days before.

Oh, mighty Death, thy silence wakes my fear;
The only track thou leav'st us—churchyard
grasses!
When shall thy Jacob's ladder re-appear,
Where our beloved, 'mid white-robed angels,
passes?

The world knew little of his heart's deep care,
Silently suffered, bravely, deeply hid ;
Stern duty's cross weighed daily heavier there
Than weighs the earth upon his coffin lid.

Two figures moved noiselessly about the room. We have seen them both before ; it was Care and the messenger of Fortune. They bent over the lifeless form.

"Do you see this ?" said Care. "What happiness have your goloshes brought to men ?"

"To him who is sleeping here, they have brought lasting happiness," was the reply.

"Not so," said Care. "He went of his own will. He was not called to die. His mind is not yet strong enough to grasp the treasures which, according to his destiny, he must yet grasp. *I will bestow a gift on him.*"

She drew the goloshes from his feet : the death sleep ended—the student woke. Care vanished, and with her the goloshes vanished too. She doubtless looks upon them as her own property.





Five in One Shell.

THERE were once five peas in one shell ; they and the shell were green, so they thought the whole world was green too—which was very natural. The shell grew, and the peas grew ; they arranged themselves according to circumstances, and sat all in a row. The sun shone from without, and warmed

FIVE IN ONE SHELL.

the shell; the rain made it clear and transparent; it was soft and genial, light by day, and dark by night, just as it should be. The peas, as they sat inside, grew bigger and more thoughtful, for they must find something to do.

"Are we to stay here for ever?" said one of them; "we shall get quite stiff with sitting so long. I feel as if there were something outside. I seem to have an instinct that there must be."

Weeks passed away; the peas turned yellow, the shells turned yellow, also. "The world has turned yellow," they said. It was quite natural they should say so.

Suddenly they felt a pull at the shell; it was gathered, and fell into a pair of hands, whence it slipped into a jacket pocket, together with some more full pods. "We shall open soon," they cried: it was what they were all longing for.

"I should like to know which of us will get on the best in the world," cried the first pea. "It will soon be known."

"Let what will happen, that is best," said the second pea.

Crack! the shell burst open, and the five peas rolled out into the clear sunshine. They

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

were lying in the hand of a child—a little boy, who held them fast, saying that they would be just the thing for his popgun.

He put one in, and let off his gun. "Now, I am flying out into the wide world," said the pea; "catch me who can!" and away she flew.

"I," said the second, "shall fly straight up into the sun; that is the shell for me. I like something to look at." Off she went.

"We will go to sleep just where we fall," said the two next; "we shall manage to get on all the same." They were clever enough to fall on the ground even before they were put into the popgun, but they had to go in after all. "We shall get on the best in the world," they said. "Let what *will* happen, I am content," said the last, as it was shot out of the gun. It flew into a crack in an old board, under a garret window. The crack was filled with moss and loose earth, and the moss closed softly over the new comer. It lay still, a captive, but not forgotten by its Creator.

"Let what will happen," it said, "I am content."

In the garret chamber, there lived a poor woman, who went out daily to clean grates, chop wood small, and such like work. She

FIVE IN ONE SHELL.

was active and hard-working, but very poor. At home, in the garret, lay her only daughter, a delicate, sickly girl, who had been bedridden for a year, and seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

“She will follow her little sister,” said the mother. “I had but the two children, and it was hard work to provide for them both; but the dear Lord helped me, and took one to Himself. I pray that I may keep the other, but it seems as if He will not have them parted, and my poor girl will go to her sister in Heaven.”

But the sick girl lingered on, lying silent and patient all the long day through, while her mother was out working. It was spring time, and early one morning, as the poor woman was setting out for her day's work, the sun broke out warm and clear behind the little window, and cast its rays across the floor. The sick girl turned her eyes towards the window. “What is that little green thing, mother,” she said, “that is peeping in through the window pane?”

Her mother went to the window, and opened it. “Why,” she said, in surprise, “it is a little pea which has taken root, and is putting out green leaves. However could it

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

have got into that crack? It will be quite a little garden for you to amuse yourself with."

The sick girl's bed was drawn close to the window, so that she could see the growing pea, and the mother went away to her work.

"Mother, I think I shall get well again," the child said that night. "The sun has been shining on me so warmly all day long. The little pea thrives famously, and I feel that I shall thrive, too, and get well, and go out into the warm sunshine."

"God grant it!" said the mother; she did not think it was possible. She put a bit of stick by the little green shoot, which had given her child the thought of life and strength; she tied a piece of string from the window sill to the top of the sash, so that the plant might find something to cling to if it lived and grew.

And it did live; they could see it taller every day.

"Look!" cried the mother, "it is putting out a blossom;" and, for the first time, the hope and trust that her child would recover rose in her heart. She reflected that the girl had spoken more cheerfully of late, and that for several mornings past she had raised herself in bed to eat her food, and looked with radiant

FIVE IN ONE SHELL.

eyes at her little garden, which had all sprung up from one tiny pea plant. In another week she sat up a whole hour for the first time since her illness; her chair was drawn up in the warm sunshine, close to the open window, and the child's face wore a happy smile as she saw outside, on the climbing green, a pink and white pea blossom. She bent down to kiss the delicate leaves, and the day seemed like a festival.

"Our Heavenly Father Himself has planted and blessed it," said the mother, "for your joy and comfort, and for mine, too," and the flower bloomed out bright and radiant as one of God's angels.

But what of the other peas? Well, the one who flew out into the wide world, and cried out, "Catch me who can," fell into the spouting of the roof, and was eaten up by a pigeon, so that it was obliged to keep quiet for a while. The two idle ones met with the same fate, and certainly it was making themselves of use in a practical manner.

The fourth, who said she would fly up to the sun, fell in the gutter, and lay for weeks in the dirty water, swelling bigger and bigger.

"I am growing beautifully stout," she cried.

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

"If I go on, I shall burst, and no pea in the world ever has done, or ever will do, more than that." And the gutter agreed with her.



But the young girl stood at the garret window, with happy eyes, and cheeks bright with the rosy light of health. She folded her hands above the pea blossom and thanked God for it.

"For my part," said the gutter, "I stand up for *my* pea."

Ole Luk Oie.

NO one in the world knows so many stories as Ole Luk Oie; *he* is the one to tell tales.

Towards evening, when the children are sitting quiet and good round the table, or on their little chairs, in comes Ole Luk Oie. He comes in very quietly, for he wears socks instead of shoes; he opens the door gently, and, puff! he blows a tiny handful of fine dust in the children's eyes. The very least bit in the world, just enough to make them shut their eyes, so that they cannot see him. He steals behind them, and blows softly on their necks; that makes their heads feel heavy. He does not hurt them at all, for Ole Luk Oie is very fond of children; he only wants them to be quiet, and they never are quiet till they are put to bed; they must be still, or how can he tell his stories?

As soon as ever they are asleep Ole Luk Oie seats himself on their bed. He is richly dressed; his robe is of silk, but no one can tell what colour it is, for it shines scarlet and

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

green and blue, just as he turns round. Under each arm he holds an umbrella; one is covered with pictures, and he opens that over the good children, so that they dream about the most beautiful things all night long. The other has no pictures at all, and he puts that up over naughty children, and they sleep all night without seeing anything, and in the morning they have nothing to tell.

Now let us hear how Ole Luk Oie came every night one week to a little boy named Hjalmar, and what he told him. There are seven tales, because there are seven days in the week.

MONDAY.

"Now look at me," said Ole Luk Oie, one evening when he had put Hjalmar to bed; "I am going to decorate the room." He touched the flowers in the flower-pots, and they grew into tall trees that stretched their branches across the ceiling and round the walls, till the room looked like a beautiful conservatory. Every branch was full of flowers; all the flowers were lovelier than roses, fragrant, and as sweet to eat as preserve. The fruits shone

like gold, and the cakes were bursting with raisins. It was lovely beyond description.

At the same time there arose a piteous cry from the table drawer where Hjalmar's school-books were kept. "What is all that about?" said Ole Luk Oie.

He went to the table and opened the drawer. It was the slate that was writhing and twisting about; there was a figure wrong in the sum, and the slate was ready to crack in two. The pencil leaped and tugged at the end of its string like a little dog: it wanted to help with the sum, but it could not. Then there came a moan from Hjalmar's copy-book; it was dreadful to hear it.

At the beginning of every line on the page stood a capital letter with a small one by it; that was the copy, and by these stood some more letters that thought they looked just the same. Hjalmar had written them, and they lay about as if they had tumbled in between the lines where they ought to have been standing sloping like this, with a graceful curve.

"Look, this is the way you should hold yourselves," said the copy.

"Don't we wish we could?" said Hjalmar's letters: "but we cannot, we are too weak."

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

"Then you must take some physic," said Ole Luk Oie.

"No—no!" they cried, and stood up so prettily it was a pleasure to see them.

"We cannot tell any tales to-night," said Ole Luk Oie; "I must drill them. One, two: one, two;" and he drilled the letters 'till they stood up as gracefully as the copy.

But when Ole Luk Oie went away, and Hjalmar looked at them the next morning, they were all as crooked and ill-shaped as ever.

TUESDAY.

As soon as Hjalmar was gone to bed, Ole Luk Oie sprinkled all the furniture in the room with his magic dust, and they all began to talk at once, and every one talked about himself. Above the chest of drawers hung a large picture in a gilt frame; it was a landscape, with tall, old trees, flowers growing in the grass, and a broad river that flowed by a dark wood and past stately castles, till it reached the sea.

Ole Luk Oie touched the picture, and the birds began to sing, the trees waved to and fro, the clouds sailed by, throwing long shadow over the grass below. Then Ole Luk Oie lifted

OLE LUK OIE.

little Hjalmar into the frame; the child's feet sank in the soft grass, and there he stood. The sun shone down upon him, through the trees; he ran to the water's edge, and stepped into a little boat, which lay there waiting. It was painted red and white, the sails shone like silver, and six swans, with golden crowns on their heads, and a bright, blue star on their foreheads, ferried the boat across to the green forest, where all the trees were telling stories of robbers and witches, and the flowers were whispering about the pretty little elves, and what the butterflies had said to them.

Beautiful fishes, with scales like gold and silver, swam after the boat, and leaped up from time to time in the foaming water; two long files of birds, red and blue, small and great, flew overhead, and the gnats danced, and the cockchafers sang buzz! buzz! All of them wanted to follow Hjalmar, and all had a story to tell.

It was a splendid pleasure trip. Sometimes the woods were close and thick; sometimes they opened into beautiful gardens, sunlit and full of flowers. There Hjalmar saw lofty castles, built of glass and marble; on^t the balconies stood princesses—they were all little

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

girls that he knew very well ; he had played with them many a time. Each of them held out her hand, and offered him the nicest sugar heart that could be bought out of a cake shop. Hjalmar took hold of it as he sailed by, and the princess held her half tightly, so that it broke in two and each kept half ; Hjalmar had the larger and the princess the smaller piece. At every castle gate a prince stood sentry ; all of them shouldered little gold muskets, and rained down showers of raisins and toy soldiers. You could see in a moment that they were real princes.

Sometimes Hjalmar sailed through woods, sometimes through lofty halls, or busy towns ; on his way he came to the place where his nurse lived, who was so kind to him when he was a baby boy. She nodded to him, and sang the pretty song she had written herself and sent to Hjalmar.

“ I think of thee by night and day,
My little lad—my darling child.
I kissed thee when I went away,
On thy sweet eyes—thy lips that smiled.
I heard thee lisp thy baby lore—
Thou wouldst not learn the word farewell.
God’s angels guard thee evermore,
Till in His Heaven we meet and dwell ! ”

OLE LUK OIE.

All the birds joined in, the flowers danced on their stems, and the tall trees nodded as if Ole Luk Oie were telling them also some of his stories.

WEDNESDAY.

How the rain poured down ! Hjalmar could hear it in his sleep. When Ole Luk Oie opened the window, the water had risen up to the sill ; out of doors, it looked like a great lake, and a stately ship was moored close to the house.

“ If you like to come and have a sail with me, little Hjalmar,” said Ole Luk Oie, “ you can go to foreign lands to-night, and be back here again before morning.”

Hjalmar found himself suddenly standing in the ship, dressed in his Sunday clothes. The weather was fine directly, and away they sailed through the streets, by the church, on a wide, rolling lake. On they went till there was no land in sight ; they saw a flight of storks on their way to warmer countries, one stork behind another ; it seemed an endless procession. The last stork was so tired that his wings could scarcely carry him ; he was left further and further behind the others. At last he sank

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

down with outspread wings, made a few faint, despairing strokes, but all in vain; lower he sank, till his feet touched the rigging of the ship; he slipped down from the sail, and, crash! there he lay on the deck.

There the cabin boy caught him, and put him in the fowl pen among their hens, ducks, and turkeys. The poor stork stood quite bewildered in the midst of them.

"Look at this fellow," said the hens.

And the turkey cock puffed himself out, and asked the stork who he was, and the ducks waddled backwards, crying, "Quack, quack!"

The stork told them about Africa and the pyramids, about the ostrich, that runs like a racer through the desert; but the ducks could not understand what he was talking about, and they quacked to each other, "We are all of the same opinion doubtless—we think he is utterly stupid!"

"Yes, certainly, he is stupid," said the turkey cock.

The stork was silent, and thought of Africa.

"You have a famous pair of lanky legs," said the turkey cock; "what do they cost a yard?"

OLE LUK OIE.

“Quack, quack, quack,” giggled all the ducks; but the stork pretended not to hear.

“You might certainly laugh, I think,” said the turkey cock; “that was rather a clever speech of mine. But perhaps it was too deep for you. He is not a genius, is he? But we can be amusing among ourselves.” And then he crowed, and the ducks cried, “Quack, quack!” It was wonderful how they enjoyed the joke.

But Hjalmar went to the fowl pen, opened the door, and called to the stork to come out to him on the deck. The bird felt rested now, and he nodded to Hjalmar, as if to thank him; then he spread his wings, and flew away to warmer lands; but the hens clucked, the ducks quacked, and the turkey cock turned red with anger.

“I’ll have you made into soup to-morrow morning,” said Hjalmar, and then he woke up and found himself lying in his little white bed.

It was a wonderful voyage that Ole Luk Oie had taken him in the night.

THURSDAY.

“Do you know what?” said Ole Luk Oie—
“don’t be frightened—I am going to show you a little mouse.”

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

He held out his hand, where there sat an elegant little mouse. "She is come to invite you to the wedding," said Ole Luk Oie. "Two young mice are going to enter the holy state of matrimony this very night. They live under the floor of your mother's store room. It is a beautiful house for them."

"But how shall I get through the little mouse-hole in the floor?" said Hjalmar.

"Let me manage all that," answered Ole Luk Oie. "I'll make you nice and tiny." He touched Hjalmar with his magic powder, and the child grew less and less till he was not an inch long. "Now, you can borrow the tin soldier's clothes; they will fit you nicely, I think, and it looks well to wear a uniform when one goes out to a party."

"Yes, indeed!" said Hjalmar, and in a moment he was dressed like the smartest of tin soldiers. "Will you be so kind as to sit down in your mother's thimble?" said the little mouse; "I shall then have the honour of pulling you along."

"Is it possible that your ladyship will take so much trouble yourself?" said Hjalmar, and they drove off to the mouse's wedding.

First of all they went under the floor, and

entered a long passage, just high enough for the thimble to stand upright ; the whole passage was lighted with phosphor.

“Is it not beautiful here ?” said the mouse, as she drew him forward. “The passage has been smeared with bacon rind. Nothing can be more delightful.”

They then entered the bridal hall. All the lady-mice stood on the right hand, whispering and giggling as if they were turning each other into ridicule ; on the left stood the gentlemen-mice, stroking their moustachios with their paws ; and in the middle of the hall stood the bridal pair, in the hollow rind of a cheese. They kissed each other in a perfectly dreadful way before all the company, for it was their betrothal, and they were to be married immediately.

More and more visitors arrived ; one mouse trod upon another, and the bridal pair had placed themselves in the doorway, so that one could neither get in nor out. The room, as well as the passage, had been smeared with bacon rind ; that was the whole entertainment ; but a pea was brought out for dessert, in which a mouse of the bride’s family had nibbled the name of the bridal pair—the initials, that

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

is. It was something quite out of the common way. All the mice said that it was a very pretty wedding, and that they had spent a very pleasant evening.

Hjalmar drove home again; he had certainly been in very good society. On the other hand, he had been obliged to be made very small, and creep through a mouse-hole, and borrow his tin soldier's uniform.

FRIDAY.

"It is incredible how many elderly people there are who would be glad to see me," said Ole Luk Oie, "especially those who have done any wicked action. 'Dear, good Ole!' they cry, 'we cannot close an eye all night; all our evil deeds sit on the bed, like little imps, and sprinkle us with boiling water. Do come and drive them away, and give us a good night's rest. We will pay for it willingly; the money is all ready by the window.' But I don't come for money," said Ole Luk Oie.

"What shall we do to-night?" said Hjalmar.

"I don't know whether you would care to go to another wedding—it is a different kind of a wedding from the one we saw last night. Your sister's doll Hermann, the one

that is dressed like a man, is going to marry the other doll, Bertha. It is Bertha's birthday into the bargain, so that they will receive an immense number of presents."

"Oh, I know that of old," said Hjalmar. "Whenever the dolls want new clothes, my sister lets them be married, or keep their birthday. They have done that a hundred times."

"Yes, but to-night is the hundred and first wedding, and when the hundred and first is over, it is all finished. So this will be extremely grand. Only look!"

Hjalmar looked at the table. The dolls' house was lighted up from top to bottom, the tin soldiers were drawn up in front and presented arms. The bridal pair were sitting on the floor, leaning against the tableleg. They looked very thoughtful, as well they might.

When the wedding was over, all the furniture in the room joined in the following song. It had been written by the lead pencil, and went to the tune of the drummers' tattoo—

"Ring out the song into the air,
Ring out, 'Hurrah, the bridal pair!'

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

The bridegroom bold, the bride so fair,
Are made of kid, fine, soft, and rare.
Lift high your voices, banish care,
And sing, ' Hurrah, the bridal pair ! ' ”

The presents were then brought out; the young couple had begged that no eatables might be given to them, because they had enough in each other's love.

“ Shall we buy a country house, or shall we travel abroad ? ” said the bridegroom.

The swallow who had travelled a great deal, and the old brood hen who had brought up five hatches of chickens, were consulted on the point. The swallow spoke of the beautiful, warm countries where the rich grapes hung heavy on the vine, the air was mild and pure, and the mountains glowed with colours unknown to us.

“ But they have no red cabbage,” said the hen. “ I once spent a summer in the country with my chickens; there was a sand-heap where we could scratch and pick, and we had permission to walk in a cabbage garden. Oh, how delicious it was! Nothing could be more lovely.”

“ But one cabbage stalk is just like another,”

said the swallow ; " and then it is such bad weather here."

" One gets used to that," said the hen.

" But it is cold, and winter brings the frost."

" That is good for the cabbage," said the hen ; " and then it is warm sometimes. Four years ago the summer lasted for four weeks ; it was so hot one could not breathe. Besides, we have no venomous insects as they have over there, and no robbers either. The man must be a villain who does not think our country the best : he does not deserve to live in it." Then the hen wept, and continued, " I, too, have travelled. I once rode more than twelve miles in a coop. Believe me, there is no pleasure whatever in travelling."

" The hen is a sensible person," said Bertha. " I do not think much of mountains myself ; it is only going up and then coming down again. No, let us settle on the sand-heap before the door, and walk about in the cabbage garden."

SATURDAY.

" Now, shall I hear any tales ?" said little Hjalmar, when Ole Luk Oie had put him to sleep.

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

"We shall have no time for tales to-night," said Ole Luk Oie, opening his large umbrella. "Just look at these little Chinamen!" And the umbrella looked like a China dish, with blue trees, and pointed bridges with little Chinamen on, who stood and nodded their heads.

"We must have the whole world tidied and smartened up for to-morrow," said Ole Luk Oie; "it is Sunday, you know—I must go to all the church steeples and see if the little goblins have polished the bells nicely to make them ring out clear and sweet. Then I must hurry off to the fields and see whether the wind has blown the dust off the leaves and blades of grass; then—and that is the hardest piece of work of all—I have to take down all the stars and rub them up well. I put them in my apron, but first they have to be numbered, and so have the little holes in the sky where they are fixed; for, if they are not put back into the right holes, they would not fit, but would come tumbling down again, and we should have too many shooting stars."

"Now, I'll tell you what, Mr. Ole Luk Oie," said an old portrait which was hanging on one of the walls in Hjalmar's bed-room; "I am

OLE LUK OIE.

Hjalmar's great-great-grandfather. I am much obliged to you for telling the child tales, but you really must not confuse his ideas. The stars cannot tumble down. They are worlds, heavenly bodies like our earth; that is the only good of them."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Great-great-grandfather," said Ole Luk Oie — "extremely obliged. Certainly you are the head of the family, the very founder of it; but I am older than you. I am a world-old pagan; the Greeks and Romans called me the God of Dreams. I have had, and I shall always have, access to the dwellings of the noblest, and the lowliest, and I can meet on an equal footing with both. Now, you may finish the tale yourself!" And away went Ole Luk Oie, umbrella and all.

"Well I never! One may not even express one's opinion now-a-days," said the old portrait. Then Hjalmar awoke.

SUNDAY.

"Good evening," said Ole Luk Oie. Hjalmar nodded, and ran to turn the portrait of his great-great-grandfather's face to the wall, so that it might not interrupt, as it

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

had done the night before. "Now you must tell me some tales," he said, "about the five peas that lived in a shell; and about the cock's foot that paid court to the hen's foot; and the darning-needle that gave herself such airs that she fancied herself a sewing-needle."

"It is possible to have too much of a good thing," said Ole Luk Oie. "You know that I like showing you things best. I will show you my brother. His name is Ole Luk Oie, like mine; but he never comes to any one more than once. When he comes to you he will take you on his horse and tell you a story; he only knows two: one is so beautiful that no one in the world has ever imagined anything half so lovely, and the other is so awful and terrible that it cannot be described by any one else."

Ole Luk Oie lifted Hjalmar up to the window, and told him to look out. "Now you can see my brother!" he said. "His name is Death. Look, he is not half so ugly as they paint him in the picture-books. What they take for a bony skeleton is only the silver embroidery on his beautiful hussar's uniform; his long black velvet mantle flies behind his horse. See how fast he gallops!"

OLE LUK OIE.

Hjalmar looked out, and saw how the second Ole Luk Oie sped by, and how he took up young and old on to his horse. He placed some before him and some behind, but he asked them all first, "How does it stand with your mark-book?"

"Very well," they all cried with one voice. "Let me look for myself," he said; and every one was obliged to hand up his book. Those which had "excellent," or "first-class" written in them, were lifted up in front of the rider and heard the beautiful story; but those with "middling," or "pretty good" were sent to the back, and heard the horrible story. They cried and trembled, and tried to jump down from the horse; but they could not stir, for they were all spell-bound in their places.

"Why, Death is the finest Ole Luk Oie of the two!" cried little Hjalmar; "I am not one bit afraid of him!"

"No more you need be," said Ole Luk Oie, "if you will take care to keep a good mark-book."

"Yes, now, that is improving," said the great-great-grandfather's portrait; "it is of some use after all to express one's opinion." And

he was quite contented. There, that is the story of Ole Luk Oie ; and I hope he will tell you some more himself this very night.

The Ugly Duckling.

HOW gloriously beautiful the country was ! It was summer time ; the corn was yellow, the oats were green, the hay was stacked up in the fragrant meadows ; the stork walked proudly about on his long red legs, talking Egyptian to himself, the language he had learned from his mother. Great woods stood round the corn-fields and meadow lands ; and hidden in the woods were still, deep lakes. Yes, it was very lovely out in the country.

An old farm house stood there, bathed in the pleasant sunshine ; a deep moat ran round it, and over the wall great burdock leaves hung, and grew down to the water's edge. The leaves were so large that a little child could stand upright under some of them. The whole place was as wild as the heart of a great forest. This was the spot in which a duck had chosen to place her nest ; she sat faithfully on her eggs all

day long, but she was beginning to feel rather tired of waiting; no one came to pay her a visit; the other ducks preferred swimming about the moat to sitting down and gossiping with her under the burdock leaves.

At last one egg after another chipped and opened, and out came a little head from every shell. "Peep! peep!" they cried.

"Quack! quack!" said the mother, and they quacked as well as they could, turning their bright eyes eagerly from side to side of the green leaves. The mother let them look about as much as they liked, for green is good for the eyes.

"How large the world is!" they cried, for they had a great deal more room now than they had in the egg.

"Do you think this is the whole world?" said the mother; "the world reaches beyond the other side of the garden, right into the parson's field, but I have never been there myself. Have I got you all together now?" she continued, standing up—"no; not quite all. The largest egg is still left: how much longer is it going to be, I wonder? I declare I am quite tired of it," and down she sat again.

"Well, how are you getting on?" said an old duck, who had come to pay her a visit.

"I'm waiting for this one egg," said the duck ;
"it will not chip. But just look at the others :
are they not the very prettiest little ducklings
that ever were seen ? They are all extremely
like their father — by the way, the naughty
creature never comes to see me."

"Let me look at the egg that won't chip,"
said the old duck. "Take my word for it, it is
a turkey's egg. I was once taken in in the very
same way myself, and was in endless trouble
about the little creature. It was frightened at
the sight of the water ; I could not get it in ; I
clucked and quacked, but it was all of no use.
Let me see the egg. Oh, yes, that's a turkey's
egg. Let it alone, and begin to teach the other
children how to swim."

"I will sit upon it a little bit longer," said
the duck ; "as I have sat so long, I may as well
sit a few days more."

"As you please," said the old duck, and away
she swam.

At last the large egg chipped and opened.
"Peep ! peep !" cried the little bird, and crept
out of the shell. It was very big and very ugly.
The mother looked at it. "It is certainly an
enormous duckling," she said ; "none of the
others looked like that. I wonder if it *is* a young

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

turkey ! I shall very soon find out, however, when we come to the water. It shall ' go in if I have to push it in myself.' "

The next day was warm and lovely ; the sun shone bright and golden on the green burdock leaves ; the mother duck and her brood of little ones went down to the water's edge. Splash ! she jumped into the water : " Quack ! quack ! " she called, and one after another the ducklings tumbled in. The water closed above their heads, but they rose to the surface again, and swam about splendidly ; their little legs moved of themselves. The grey, ugly duckling swam with them.

" No, that's no turkey-poult," said the duck ; " look how nicely it uses its legs ; how upright it sits ! It is my own child. It is pretty after all when you look at it closely. Quack ! quack ! follow me. I am going to take you out into the world, and introduce you to the duck-yard. Keep close to me, so that no one may tread on you, and keep out of the way of the cats."

They entered the duck-yard. A great quarrel was going on at the moment, for two families were fighting over an eel's head, which the cat finally carried off.

" See, that's the way of the world," said the

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

mother duck, and whetted her beak, for she, too, would have liked the eel's head. "Now use your legs, and see that you quack nicely, and be sure that you bow your heads to that old duck yonder. She is the most aristocratic person here. She is of Spanish descent, that is why she is so fat; and look at that piece of red rag round her leg. That is most beautiful: it is the highest distinction to which any duck can attain. „ It means that her owners do not wish to lose her, and that she is to be known at once, both by men and animals. Now remember. Don't turn your feet in—a well-bred duckling always turns its feet outwards, like its father and mother;—look, this way! Now bow your heads, and say quack."

The ducklings did as they were bid, but the other ducks turned round and looked at them. "Look there!" they said aloud; "now we have got another set of new comers, as if there were not enough of us already! And, oh! look at that one! No; we really will not have *him* here."

And one of them flew straight up to the ugly duckling, and bit its neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother; "it isn't doing any harm."

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

"But it is too big, and too odd-looking," said the duck, "and it must be well pecked."

"They are pretty children that the mother has brought," said the old duck with the rag round her leg; "all nice-looking, except that one. That is certainly not a success. I wish she could finish it off a little better."

"Impossible, your ladyship!" said the mother duck; "it is not pretty, but it has a good disposition, and swims as well as any of the others; indeed, I may say it swims better. I think it will grow up pretty, and get rather smaller in time. It has lain too long in the egg, and so it is not very well shaped." She pecked at its neck a little, and smoothed down its feathers—"And then it is a drake," she continued, "so that looks are not of so much consequence; it will get on pretty well."

"The other ducklings are pretty," said the old Spanish duck. "Well now, young ones, make yourselves at home; and if you find an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

And so they felt themselves at home. But the poor duckling which had been the last to come out of the shell, and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed, and made game of by ducks and fowls alike. "It is too big," they all said, and

the turkey, who had been born with spurs on, and fancied he was an emperor, puffed himself out like a ship in full sail, and bore down on the poor little creature, gabbling with fury, and turning red in the face. The ugly duckling did not know where to run to; it was wretched because of its ugliness, and because it was laughed at by all the poultry-yard.

Days passed on, and its life grew harder, to bear. Everybody chased and drove it away; even its brothers and sisters used to say, "Oh, you ugly creature, I wish the cat had you!" And the mother cried, "I wish you were out of the way!" The ducks bit it, the fowls pecked it, and the farm servants kicked at it as they passed by.

It ran away at last and flew over the hedge; the little birds in the bushes flew away in terror. "That is because I am so ugly," thought the duckling: it closed its eyes and ran blindly on till it came to the wide moorland where the wild ducks live. Here it lay all night long, weary and sorrowful.

Towards morning the wild ducks flew round and looked at their new companion. "Whatever sort of a duck are you?" they cried; and the ugly duckling got up and bowed to them all

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

round as politely as he could. "You are extremely ugly," said the wild ducks; "but that does not signify to us, so long as you do not wish to marry into our family." Poor little thing! Marrying was far enough from its thoughts: all it hoped for was to get leave to lie on the sedge and drink a little of the marsh water.

•Two days long it lay and rested; the next day there came up two wild geese, or rather goslings, for they had not been very long out of their shell, and they were very saucy.

"I say, comrade," they cried, "you are so downright ugly, that we are rather taken with you. What do you say to joining us and being a rover? Over yonder in the next moor, there are some sweetly pretty wild geese, all of them unmarried, and all of them can cackle. You are in a fair way to make your fortune, ugly as you are."

"Piff! paff!" sounded in the air above them. The two wild geese fell dead among the reeds, and a blood-red stain tinged the quiet water. "Piff! paff!" it rang out again, and flocks of wild geese rose in terror from the sedge. A great chase was going forward. The sportsmen had closed in round the moor,

some had even climbed the branches of the trees which stretched across the rushes. The blue smoke rose in thin clouds among the leaves, and spread far over the water: up ran the dogs, splash, splash, among the bending reeds and rushes. The poor duckling cowered down in terror; it tried to hide its head under its wing; but at the same moment a large, savage-looking dog stood over it: his hot tongue was stretched out, his eyes gleamed with cruel eagerness, he sniffed round the duckling, showed his sharp, glittering teeth, and, splash, splash, on he went, without doing it any harm.

"Thank God!" cried the little duckling. "I am so ugly that even the dog will not bite me!" and it lay still while the shots whizzed through the sedge, and gun after gun was fired.

It was dusk before the place was quiet again: the duckling was afraid to stir, and waited many hours before it looked round, and hastened away from the moor as fast as it could run. It ran through fields and meadows, where such a storm was raging that it could hardly keep its footing.

Towards night it reached a wretched looking little hut, so old and tumbledown that it did

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

not know on which side to fall first, and that was the only thing that kept it standing. The storm howled and raged round the duckling; it was obliged to lie close to the ground, for it could not stand against the tempest. Suddenly it noticed that the door had come off one of its hinges; and hung so awry that it could creep through into the room; and so it did. In the hut lived a woman, with her cat and her hen. And the cat, whom she called her little son, could set up his little back, and purr; he could even send out sparks if you stroked his fur the wrong way. The hen had neat little legs, and was named "Henny Shortlegs:" she laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as much as if she were her daughter.

In the morning they found the ugly duckling; the cat began to purr, and the hen clucked loudly.

"What is that?" said the woman, looking round. She could not see very well, and she thought it was a fat duck which had lost its way. "That's a good find," she cried. "I shall get some duck's eggs now. I hope it is not a drake. We must try it."

So the ugly duckling was taken in on trial for three weeks, but no eggs were to be seen.

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

The cat was master of the house, and the hen was mistress. She always said "We and the world," for she thought they two were half the world, and the best half, too. The duckling thought there might be another opinion on that matter, but the hen would not hear of it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she said.

"No."

"Then you will have the goodness to hold your tongue." And the cat said, "Can you set up your back and send out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you should not allow yourself to have an opinion when sensible people are speaking."

The duckling sat in the corner, sad and lonely. The fresh sweet air and the golden sunshine stole in, and a great longing rose within it to see the water again. At last it ventured to say so to the hen.

"What can you be thinking of?" she answered. "You have nothing to do, and that is why you take up such whims and fancies. Lay eggs, or purr, and they will all go away."

"But it is so beautiful to swim on the water," said the duckling; "so glorious to let it close

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

over your head, and to dive down in the depth."

"It sounds like a nice amusement," said the hen. "I should think you are out of your mind. Just ask the cat—he's the cleverest animal I know—whether he likes swimming about on the water, and diving down in the depth. I will not speak of myself. Ask the mistress—no one in the world is wiser than she is; do you think *she* has any desire to swim about on the water and let it close above her head?"

"You do not understand me," said the duckling.

"Not understand you! Then pray who *does* understand you? I suppose you do not imagine yourself cleverer than the cat and the mistress? I will not speak of myself. Don't fill your head with such nonsense, child. Thank heaven for all the blessings round you. Haven't you a warm room, and companions from whom you can learn a great deal? But you are a chatterbox, and there is no pleasure to be had in your society. I tell you unpleasant truths, like the sincere friend that I am. Give your mind to laying eggs or purring, or sending out sparks."

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

"I think I shall go out into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Pray do," said the hen.

The duckling went out, ran down to the water and dived under; every living thing looked down upon it for its ugliness.

Autumn came on. The woodland, leaves turned brown and yellow; the wind seized them and tossed them to and fro, and overhead the air was keen and cold. The clouds hung heavy with hail and snow; on the sign-post, stood a raven, and he croaked hoarsely from the cold: it was enough to make one freeze to think of it. The poor little duckling was miserably off. One evening—the sun had just set gloriously—a flock of tall, stately birds came slowly out from among the bushes; the duckling had never seen anything so beautiful; they were all dazzlingly white, with arched necks; it was a flock of swans. A strange mysterious cry broke from them; slowly they spread out their splendid wings, rose high in air and flew away from the cold moorland to warmer shores and sunny seas. Higher and higher they rose; the outcast, ugly duckling was thrilled with a nameless longing, unfelt before. It spun round in the water like a

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

wheel, stretched its neck high into the air after the flying birds, and uttered such a loud wild cry that the sound made it shiver.

It could not forget the happy, beautiful birds : when they were out of sight, it dived deep down in the water, and when it rose again it seemed beside itself. It did not know the name of the birds, or whither they were flying ; but it loved them as it had never loved any one before. It had no thought of envy. How could it ever dream of wishing such loveliness for itself ? It would have been glad if even the ducks would have let it stay with them, poor ugly creature.

The winter was very, very cold ; the duckling was obliged to keep swimming about to prevent itself from being frozen ; but every night the hole in which it swam grew smaller and smaller. The ice cracked and split with the frost ; the duckling had to move its legs nimbly lest the ice should close round it. At last it grew weary, lay quite still, and was frozen fast in the ice-bound pool.

Early in the morning a peasant saw the frozen bird, ran on the pool, broke up the ice with his wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife.

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

The bird came to itself again, and the children wanted to play with it. But the duckling thought they were going to hurt it, and in its terror it flew straight into the milk-can, sending the milk in showers on to the floor. The woman clapped her hands and the duckling flew on to the butter-jar, and then into the flour-bag, and then out of doors. What a fright it looked to be sure ! The woman screamed and threw the tongs after it ; the children ran, shouting and laughing, about to catch it. Luckily for it, it fell among the shrubs into the new-fallen snow, and lay there worn out and broken-hearted.

But this would be too sad a story if I were to tell all that the poor duckling had to suffer in the bitter winter. The spring-time came at last, and found it lying in the reeds upon the moor. The sun shone out warm and golden, the larks sang ; it was a lovely spring.

Then the duckling spread out its wings ; they seemed broader and stronger than before, and bore him swiftly on, till, almost before it knew what had happened, it found itself in a large garden, where the elder trees were in blossom and hung down their long branches to the water's edge. How beautiful it was—

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

how bright with spring! and see, slowly out of the coppice sailed three splendid swans, rustling their feathers and resting lightly on the rippling water! The duckling knew the beautiful birds again, and a strange sorrow and gladness rose together in its heart.

"I will fly to meet them—the royal birds. They will kill me because I dare to approach them, ugly as I am. But let it be so. Better to be killed by them than bitten by the ducks, pecked at by the fowls, driven away by the servant maid, and tortured with cold and hunger in the long, long winter." And it ran down to the water and sailed out to meet the swans. They saw it now, and bore swiftly down upon it with rustling wings. "Kill me, if you will," said the poor bird. It bent its head towards the lake and waited for the death-stroke. But what did it see beneath it in the clear blue lake? It saw the image of itself—no longer the clumsy, hideous bird, grey and mis-shapen, but a stately, snow-white swan!

It matters little that one is born in a duck-yard when one has come out of a swan's egg.

It felt lifted above all the care and sorrow that it had borne; and knew for the first time its own happiness by the splendour around it.

ANDERSEN'S TALES.

And the tall swans swam round it and caressed it with their bills.

Some little children came running into the garden, and threw crumbs of bread and corn into the water. "See, there is a new one!" cried the youngest child. "Yes, there is a new one!" answered the others joyously. They clapped their hands, danced about, and ran to fetch their father and mother to see the beautiful new bird. Bread and cake were thrown out to it in the water; and every one said, "The new one is the most beautiful." "It is so young and stately." And the three swans bowed before it.

Then the young swan was shy and ashamed. It hid its head under its white wing and felt too happy—but had no thought of pride. It remembered how it had been mocked and persecuted, and now every one said it was lovelier than all besides. The elder tree waved her boughs to it, and the warm sun caressed it with its golden light. Then it lifted up its beautiful neck, fluttered its wings, and said from the fulness of its heart: "Oh, I never even dreamed of such happiness when I was an ugly duckling!"

